YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

A VISIT FROM IKE

A Cruiser's Log From Midway to the Philippines

PAGES 8 & 9

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By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Through the dark and dripping fir trees barring the approaches to Cologne, infantrymen crawled and fought their way in an agonizing advance.

WITH THE 4TH INFANTRY DIVISION IN HUERTGEN FOREST, GERMANY—The firs are thick and there are 50 square miles of them standing dismal and dripping at the approaches to the Cologne plain. The bodies of the firs begin close to the ground so that each fir interlocks its body with another. At the height of a man standing, there is a solid mass of dark, impenetrable green. But at the height of a man crawling, there is room, and it is like a green cave, low-roofed and forbidding. And through this cave moved the infantry, to emerge cold and exhausted where the forest of Huertgen came to a sudden end before Grosshau.

The infantry, free from the claustrophobia of the forest, went on, but behind them they left their dead, and the forest will stink with deadness long after the last body is removed. The forest will bear the scars of our advance long after our own scars have healed, and the infantry has scars that will never heal, perhaps.

For Huertgen was agony, and there was no glory in it except the glory of courageous men—the MP whose testicles were hit by shrapnel and who said, "OK, doc, I can take it"; the man who walked forward, firing tommy guns with both hands, until an arm was blown off and then kept on firing the other tommy gun until he disappeared in a mortar burst.

Men of the 25th, 43d and 37th Divisions would know Huertgen—it was like New Georgia. Mud was as deep, but it was yellow instead of black. Trees were as thick, but the branches were stemmed by brittle needles instead of broad jungle leaves. Hills were as steep and numerous but there were mines—*S* mines, wooden shoe mines, tellermines, box mines.

Foxholes were as miserable but they were covered because tree bursts are deadly and every barrage was a deluge of fragmentation from the tops of the neat little firs. Carrying parties were burdened with supplies on the narrow trails. Rain was as constant but in Huertgen it was cold, and on the line there was constant attack and a stubborn enemy.

For 21 days the division beat its slow way forward, and there were two mornings out of those 21 when the order was to reform and consolidate. Every other morning saw a jump-off advance, and the moment it stopped the infantry dug in and buttoned up because the artillery and mortars searched for men without cover and maimed them.

There was counterattack, too, but in time the infantry welcomed it because then and only then the German came out of his hole and was a visible target, and the maddened infantry killed with grim satisfaction. But the infantry advanced with battle packs, and it dug in and buttoned up, and then the artillery raked the line so that there were many times when the infantry's rolls could not be brought up to them.

Rolls were brought to a certain point, but the infantry could not go back for them because to leave the shelter was insane. So the infantry slept as it fought—if it slept at all—without blankets, and the nights were long and wet and cold.

But the artillery was going two ways. The division support fire thundered into the forest and it was greater than the enemy fire coming in. A tired battalion commander spoke of our artillery. "It's the biggest consolation we have," he said. "No matter how much we're getting, we know the Kraut is getting more." So the infantry was not alone.

Tanks did the best they could when they could. In the beginning they shot up defended bunkers and duelled with hidden machine guns in the narrow firebreaks, and they waddled down into the open spaces so that the infantry could walk in their tracks and feel the comfort of safety from mines. At the clearing before Grosshau they lunged forward, and some of them still dragged the foliage of the forest on their hulls when they were knocked out.

One crew abandoned their tank, leaving behind all their equipment in the urgency of the escape. But they took with them the mascot rooster they had picked up at St. Lo.

The advance through Huertgen was "like wading through the ocean," said S-3 at the regiment. "You walk in it all right, but water is all around you."

There were pickets in the forest when two battalion CPs had been in operation for three days, and physical contact between them had been routine. Thirteen Germans and two antitank guns were discovered between them. The CPs were 800 yards apart. "Four thousand yards from the German lines," said S-3, who had been one of the battalion commanders, "and we had to shoot Krauts in our own front yard. Our IPW team got its own prisoners to interrogate. The engineers bridged the creek, and before they could finish their work they found 12 Germans sitting on a hill 200 yards away, directing artillery fire on them by radio." These things were part of Huertgen, a green monument to the *Wehrmacht's* defense and the First Army's power.

At that, the monument is a bitter thing, a shattered thing. The Germans had four lines of defense in the forest, and one by one those lines were beaten down and the advance continued. This was for the 4th Division alone. There were other divisions and other lines. And these MLRs were prepared magnificently.

HUERTGEN had its roads and firebreaks. The firebreaks were only wide enough to allow two jeeps to pass, and they were mined and interdicted by machine-gun fire. In one break there was a tellermine every eight paces for three miles. In another there were more than 500 mines in the narrow break. One stretch of road held 300 tellermines, each one with a pull device in addition to the regular detonator. There were 400 antitank mines in a three-mile area.

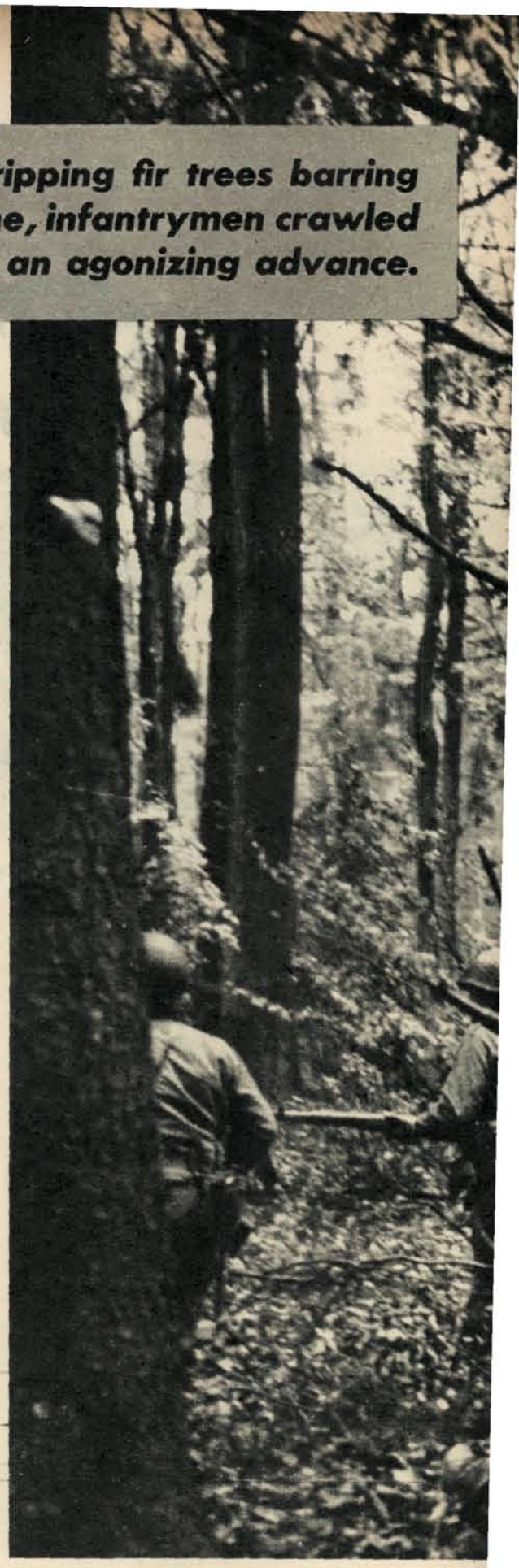
Huertgen had its roads, and they were blocked. The German did well by his abatis, his roadblocks made from trees. Sometimes he felled 200 trees across the road, cutting them down so they interlocked as they fell. Then he mined and booby-trapped them. Finally he registered his artillery on them, and his mortars, and at the sound of men clearing them he opened fire.

The first two German MLRs were screened by barbed wire in concertina strands. The MLRs themselves were log-and-earth bunkers six feet underground and they were constructed carefully, and inside them were neat bunks built of forest wood, and the walls of the bunkers were paneled with wood. These sheltered the defenders. Outside the bunkers were the fighting positions.

The infantry went through Huertgen's mud and its splintered forest growth and its mines and its high explosives, mile after mile, slowly and at great cost. But it went through, with an average of perhaps 600 yards gained each day.

The men threw ropes around the logs of the roadblock and yanked the ropes to explode the mines and booby traps in the roadblock, and then they shoved the trees aside to clear the way. The engineers on their hands and knees probed the earth with No. 8 wire to find and uncover nonmetallic shoe mines and box mines which the Germans had planted by the thousands. A wire or bayonet was shoved into the ground at an angle in the hope that it would touch the mines on their sides rather than on the tops, for they detonated at two to three pounds' pressure. Scattered on the ground there were little round mines no larger than an ointment box, but still large enough to blow off a man's foot.

At times, when there was a clearing, the engineers used another method to open a path. They looped primacord onto a rifle grenade and then fired the grenade. As it lobbed forward it carried with it a length of primacord, which was then touched off and exploded along the ground with enough force to set off or uncover any shoe mines or *S* mines hidden underground along its path. In other cases, when the area was known to be mined, it was subjected to an artillery concentration that blew up the mines by the force of the concussion. But there could be no certainty that every mine was blown, so the advance was costly, but the enemy suffered.



ONE regiment of the 4th Division claimed the destruction of five German regiments in meeting 19 days of constant attack. The German had been told the value of Huertgen and had been ordered to fight to the last as perhaps never before. He did, and it was hell on him. How the German met our assault was recorded in the brief diary of a medic who was later taken prisoner, and because it is always good for the infantry to know what its enemy is thinking, the diary was published by the 4th Division. The medic refers to the infantry as "Ami," colloquial for American. These are some excerpts:

"It's Sunday. My God, today is Sunday. With dawn the edge of our forest received a barrage. The earth trembles. The concussion takes our breath. Two wounded are brought to my hole, one with a torn-up arm, the other with both hands shot off. I am considering whether to cut off the rest of the arm. I'll leave it on. How brave these two are. I hope to God that all this is not in vain. To our left machine guns begin to clatter—and there comes Ami.

"In broad waves you can see him across the field. Tanks all around him are firing wildly. Now the American artillery ceases and the tank guns

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ALMOST EVERY MORNING IN THE HUERTGEN FOREST SAW A JUMP-OFF ADVANCE FOR THE INFANTRY.

are firing like mad. I can't stick my head out of the hole—finally here are three German assault guns. With a few shots we can see several tanks burning once again. Long smoke columns are rising toward heaven. The infantry takes cover and the attack slows down—it's stopped. It's unbelievable that with this handful of men we hold out against such attacks.

"And now we go forward to counterattack. The captain is leading it himself. We can't go far though. Our people are dropping like tired flies. We have got to go back and leave the whole number of our dead and wounded. Slowly the artillery begins its monotonous song again—drumming, drumming, drumming without let-up. If we only had the munitions and heavy weapons that the American has he would have gone to the devil a long time ago, but as it is, there is only a silent holding out to the last man.

"Our people are overtired. When Ami really attacks again he has got to break through. I can't believe that this land can be held any longer. Many of our boys just run away and we can't find them and we have to hold out with a small group, but we are going to fight."

Then two days later came the final entry:

"Last night was pretty bad. We hardly got any sleep, and in the morning the artillery is worse than ever. I can hardly stand it, and the planes are here again. Once more the quiet before the storm. Then suddenly tanks and then hordes of Amis are breaking out of the forest. Murderous fire meets him, but he doesn't even take cover any more. We shoot until the barrels sizzle, and finally he is stopped again.

"We are glad and think that the worst is past when suddenly he breaks through on our left. Hand grenades are bursting but we cannot hold them any longer. There are only a very few left, and here he is again. There are only five of us. We have got to go back. Already we can see brown figures through the trees. As they get to within 70 paces I turn around and walk away very calmly with my hands in my pockets. They are not even shooting at me, perhaps on account of the red cross on my back.

"On the road to Grosshau we take up a new position. We can hear tanks come closer, but Ami won't follow through his gains anyway. He's too cowardly for that."

PERHAPS this German who called the infantry cowardly and then surrendered to it will never hear the story of one 4th Division soldier in Huertgen. He stepped on a mine and it blew off his foot. It was one of those wounds in which the arteries and veins are forced upward so they are in a manner sealed, and bleeding is not so profuse as it otherwise would be.

The man lay there, but he wasn't able to bandage his own wounds. The medics tried to reach him but were fired upon. One was hit, and the trees around the man were white with scars of the machine-gun bullets that kept the medics away. Finally—after 70 hours—they managed to reach him.

He was still conscious, and for the medics it was a blessing that he was conscious; and for the man himself it was a blessing. For during the darkness the Germans had moved up to the wounded man. They took his field jacket from him, and his cigarettes. They booby-trapped him by setting a charge under his back so that whoever lifted him would die. So the wounded man, knowing this, lay quietly on the charge and told the men who came to help him what the Germans had done. They cut the wires of the booby trap and carried him away.

The green monument of Huertgen is a bitter thing.

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Pullam's Pillbox

The troop shelter was concrete, reinforced and four feet thick. The GI who blew it open picked up an unexpected decoration.

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 102D DIVISION IN GERMANY—What do you do while you are waiting to be court-martialed for an offense having to do with a bottle of *calvados* (as the French call applejack) and rude words with a major? Well, when Pvt. Mark Pullam was in this unenviable position, he whiled away his time helping take a Nazi pillbox.

Watching from an advanced OP in the Roer River area, you could see the landscape of a village up ahead flatten out from hour to hour like a pat of butter on a hot summer day. Infantrymen moved up to surround pillboxes, one by one, and sometimes they were pinned down in their advance by machine-gun fire that gave the ground a GI haircut. The infantry couldn't move in force until the pillboxes were knocked out.

Pullam's pillbox was a Nazi troop shelter, large enough to hold a company. It was a square, squat box of reinforced concrete four feet thick, surmounting a ridge where it could give plenty of trouble. It was up to Lt. William O'Brien of Arlington, Mass., to knock it out. Pullam, of Woonsocket, R.I., was a volunteer on the detail; so was Pfc. Charles W. Kirk of Newell, S. Dak.

Their team had one advantage: a demolition man had reached the pillbox earlier and blown its outer door. He had run out of explosives before he could take a crack at the second door leading to the inner chamber. Then Pullam had a try.

Ten riflemen held the line for him on his first attempt, but they weren't enough. Jerry was laying down so much fire that two of the riflemen were wounded and had to be pulled out. Pullam meanwhile moved into a trench that ran around the pillbox. He reconnoitered it and made his way to the outer chamber. At the end was a grilled door. Pullam thought he heard some movement.

"Somebody's in here," he called back to a rifleman just outside the shelter.

"*Ja*," came a guttural answer from inside.

Pullam figured the Jerry was warning the others, but he still wanted a good look at the chamber. He stuck his head around the corner and almost into the bore of a German rifle. The German jumped back, then fired and missed. Pullam retreated fast to the open air.

He knew the pillbox lay-out now. Next try he tossed a charge into the chamber against the far door and touched it off with a hand grenade. Smoke kept pouring out until the sun went down, and by that time it was too dark to tell how much damage had been done.

Six Americans were left around the pillbox. They took refuge in the surrounding trench and built mud barricades. As a full moon swung up through the sky, it robbed them of their protective shadow. They could see vague shapes moving in on them. One man covering the communications trench was hit twice by sniper bullets. They knew the Germans were just around the corner.

The German attack started about 0200 hours. A short time later a runner oozed out of the mud with orders for the Americans to retreat if attacked. They didn't lose any time getting out. Their attempt to blow up the shelter was temporarily halted.

Pullam went back to his platoon CP. Lt. O'Brien was there, and they decided the job should be tried again in the morning. Pullam dragged himself into a corner and tried to grab some sleep.

By 0830, O'Brien, Pullam and Kirk had run and crawled through timefire to the foxholes underneath a haystack from which they planned to launch their second try. They brought with them 12 charges of composition C2, dynamite caps, primacord, fuses, igniters, time fuses and TNT. There would be flame throwers in the hands of the infantry.

Kirk and Pullam, together with a volunteer who had offered to help carry some of the stuff, crowded in one foxhole under the haystack. Lt. O'Brien was in another. The infantry moved in while Pullam and Kirk, crouching in their hole, talked over the lay-out of the shelter. The doughfeet were backed by six Sherman tanks, but one Sherman nosed into a shell crater and stuck there. When the infantry reached the pillbox, the three combat engineers took off on their stomachs—Pullam leading, followed by Kirk and O'Brien.

"The infantry did a damn good job of covering us," Pullam said later. "We made it to the shelter okay, and the lieutenant and me followed the trench to the shelter door. Kirk sat in a corner covering us. Lt. O'Brien reached around to push open the outer door. Just then I saw some kind of movement inside and grabbed for him. He was kneeling forward, holding himself up by his hand. A shot zinged between his hand and my foot and missed us both.

"I could see the inner door was open and partly sprung, and I figured the Jerries were shooting through there. So we moved back and opened up with hand grenades and flame throwers. We kept yelling at them to come out, us and the infantry guys. We were really giving them hell."

The Germans yelled back in good English that the door was jammed, but the Americans didn't bite. They knew someone had come out during the night to close the outer door.

"It didn't look like they were going to be smoked out," Pullam went on, "so I grabbed two bags of explosive and started off for the opening. I was scared stiff, but I knew if I didn't do it, Kirk or the lieutenant would and I didn't want them to. I poked my head around the door, the smoke helping to conceal me. I gave the bags a swing and heaved them in right next to the door. Somebody threw in hand grenades and—boom—out came that door sailing through the air like a maple leaf."

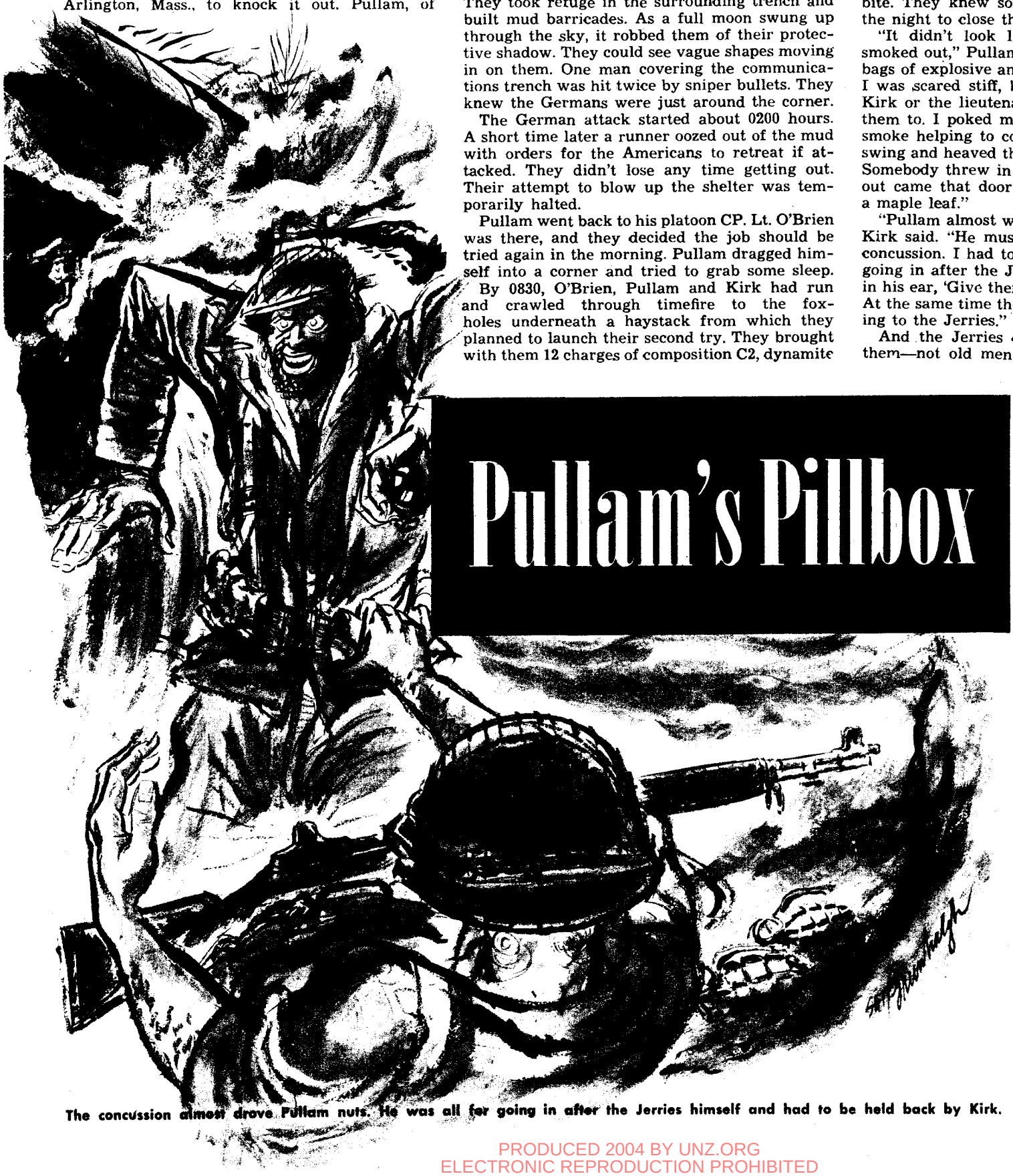
"Pullam almost went nuts for a minute there," Kirk said. "He must have been too close to the concussion. I had to grab him to keep him from going in after the Jerries. I held him and yelled in his ear, 'Give them a chance to come out first!' At the same time the infantry guys were all yelling to the Jerries."

And the Jerries came out. There were 22 of them—not old men this time, but young Nazis. The first one through the door could talk English. Pullam started to walk the prisoners back to the U. S. lines, all except one whom Kirk held back to help him inspect the shelter and to field-strip some German weapons to show they weren't booby-trapped. The shelter was packed with guns and ammunition.

Pullam had gotten his prisoners about 60 or 70 yards from the shelter when the Germans from other emplacements opened machine-gun fire on their own men. None was hurt. Pullam dived into a shellhole on top of a dead GI. Then he climbed out and rounded up his prisoners again.

That evening, Pullam and Kirk were fingering through a helmetful of trinkets in the basement of an Army-occupied farmhouse. The helmet held souvenirs they had picked up in the captured German shelter.

"Look at this," said Pvt. Pullam, rummaging through the odds and ends. "Here's an American Good Conduct Ribbon. I never thought I'd get one of these." And he went back to sweating out his court martial.



The concussion almost drove Pullam nuts. He was all for going in after the Jerries himself and had to be held back by Kirk.

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British Demobilization Plan

The British will be demobilized according to age and length of service only. The Americans consider numerous other factors.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE BRITISH 2D ARMY IN HOLLAND—This British tank outfit was set up in a grove of trees bordering a German cemetery on the Waal River, which a few miles farther upstream becomes the Rhine. Every hour or so, the troop CO would get a command by radio and the M4s would drop a few rounds of indirect fire into the village about 3,000 yards away, from which sporadic 88 fire was coming.

The rest of the time, the men took it easy in the six-foot dugouts they had scooped out under the nose of each tank and lined with straw and covered with timber. They sat around near their stoves, reading month-old London newspapers and making tea.

Every once in a while a yell came from the troop sergeant's dugout. "Clifford! Ward!" the sergeant called this time. "It's your chance to look." Two men crawled out of their hole and ducked across to the sergeant's where a big chart was spread out on the floor. Right there in the front lines, two at a time, men were figuring out their priorities under the British demobilization plan, which will go into effect after the war with Germany ends.

The British demobilization plan is simple enough to be explained in the chart, called for some unknown reason "The Army Race Card for Release." This peculiar title has given rise to some very corny gags, like "I'll take 2 to 1 on getting out for the 1948 Derby at Epsom Downs."

You look at this chart and in two minutes you can figure out your discharge priority. Age and length of service are the only factors that count. Down the left-hand column are dates of birth, including all the years from "1894 and earlier" down to 1931. Across the top of the chart are month and year headings indicating the start of war service. These run from September and October 1939 to November and December 1945. All you have to do is run your finger down the vertical column until you come to the year of your birth, and then across the chart horizontally until you come to the column headed by the year and month you entered the British Army. Right there is your group number for release.

Thus a man born in 1914 and called up in November 1939 will be in release group No. 22, a high priority. A 21-year-old who was called up in September 1941, when he was 18, will be in group No. 42, a low priority. A man of 38 who enlisted for the Battle of Britain in 1940 will be in group No. 15, which will get out almost at once. There are few citizen-soldiers in the British Army who rate higher than group No. 12. The only people in group No. 1 are those born in 1894 and earlier, and they are No. 1 all the way across even if they enlisted yesterday.

The British plan, like ours, assumes that when the war with Germany is over, we will not need all our manpower to fight the Japanese in the Pacific, and that a certain number of soldiers can be returned to civilian life. But in a booklet called "Show Me the Way to Go Home," the British Army Education Service makes clear that "the final episode will be the surrender of Japan. Until the final whistle blows, the motto for fighting men must be 'eye on the ball.' Not until Japan is beaten can we use the words 'final demobilization'."

When the war with Germany is over, the Allied high command will decide just how many British soldiers are needed to continue the fight against Japan and just how many can be released. When the number that can be released is determined, release group No. 1 will be demobilized and then other release groups in order until the demobilization quota is filled. No matter where he is in the world, a man in any group called will get on a ship and go back to England. There he will enter the "dispersal center" nearest his home and spend 24 hours getting paid and drawing a suit of civilian clothes. Once released he will enter Class Z Reserve, the last to be called back in the event of a new emergency. Each discharged serviceman will get eight weeks' furlough with pay plus an extra day's furlough with pay for every month he spent overseas.

The British plan differs from the American in certain major respects. First, the scheme applies to officers as well as to enlisted men. Our point system is concerned with GIs only.

Secondly, the British demobilization plan operates without regard to military essentiality. In our plan, a soldier can have all the points in the Army, but if he is necessary to the Army's continuing work, he stays in. Although the details have not yet been announced, the arrangement probably will be for the American theater commanders to publish lists of the essential military occupations; that is, the men who are required to remain in the Army for the Japan phase. The British feel they can replace any man, however essential his job, so their point system can operate unrestricted.

At a Royal Armored troop bull-session on the demobilization plan—the British are great at that sort of current-affairs discussion—an Eighth Army officer with the Africa Star, Capt. Jock Campbell, asked: "To what extent will it be up to the commanding officers to say if a man can be released or not?"

A War Office representative gave the answer: "You, the commanding officer, have no say in the case of individuals. If a soldier, when due for release, is in a key position, a replacement will be sent to take over. The soldier's release will not be delayed."

The British realize releases will break up individual units that might otherwise be shifted to the Pacific intact. They are worried less about this now than they were before Caen. At Caen whole regiments were shattered by the fierce fighting. It was then the British found that merging two or even three beat-up outfits often produced a unit as good as or better than the originals. They see no reason why this system shouldn't work after demobilization starts, too.

THE principal difference between the British and American plans is that in the British no credit is given for overseas time, battle stars, children or decorations; just age and length of service count. The British figure that since almost everyone in their army has been overseas anyway, everything evens up in the end. But there is a good deal of discussion about this. Squawks come from younger men who have sweated out five years' combat time, and from older men with dependents. The War Office answers:

"The only two factors now are age and service. Neither factor will change. Right now, we already have group numbers marked on each soldier's index card at the War Office central card-index. The day hostilities with Germany cease, we can start running cards through the machine. And within a week, the first men will be on their way out of the army.

"However, once we start bringing in things like combat time and overseas service, which vary from man to man and from day to day, we can't even start figuring until hostilities end and we will have to employ an army of clerks to do the calculations on each man. We have studied the American plan, which includes these variables—dependents, decorations and battle stars. The American plan may look fancier and fairer, but we feel it is more complicated and difficult to put into operation, and that men will be released sooner our way."

British Casualties: 1,095,652

LONDON—In the five years in which the British Commonwealth of Nations has been in the war, its people have suffered 1,095,652 casualties: Of these, 925,963 have been in the armed forces—242,995 killed, 311,500 wounded, 80,603 missing, 290,865 prisoners of war.

The total casualties in the British Merchant Navy were 33,573, of which 29,629 were killed. And during those years 57,298 civilians were killed during air raids, and 78,818 were injured.

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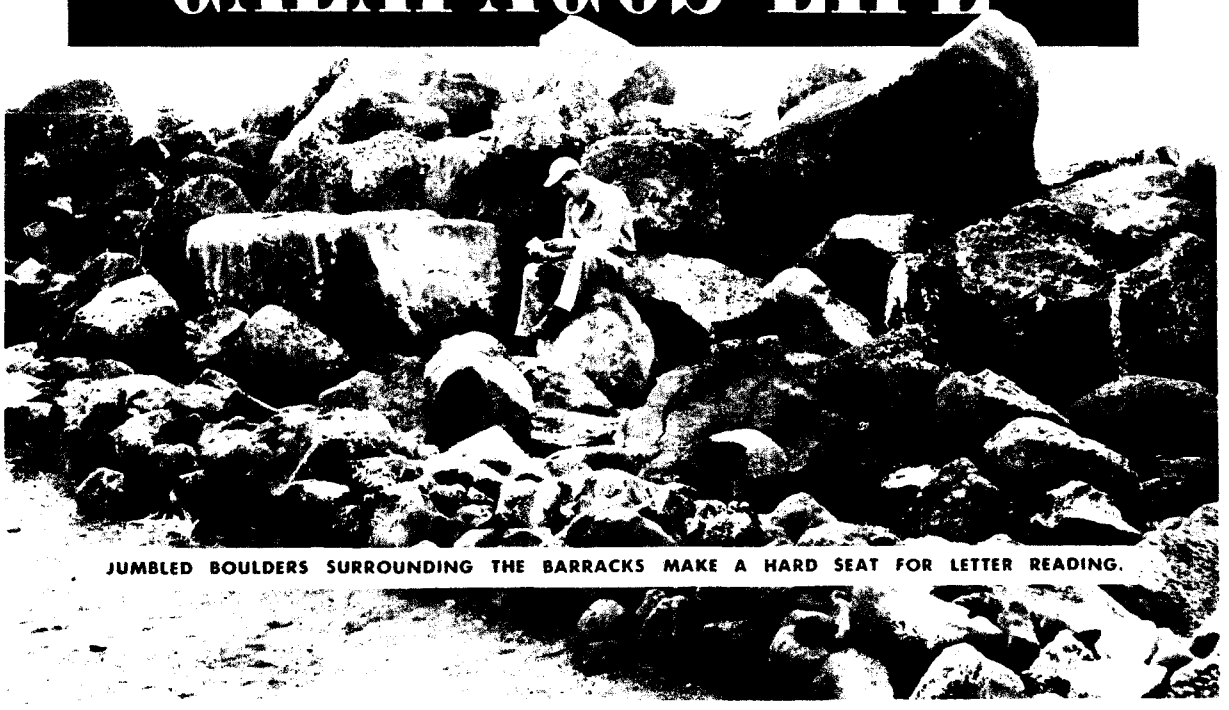
GALAPAGOS LIFE



JUMBLED BOULDERS SURROUNDING THE BARRACKS MAKE A HARD SEAT FOR LETTER READING.

Isolated GIs carved a home as well as an airbase out of this Pacific rock, which two years ago was just a haunt for goats.

By Cpl. RICHARD DOUGLASS
YANK Field Correspondent

GALAPAGOS ISLANDS—Sgt. Floyd Knudson of Green Bay, Wis., sat in the Galapagos beer garden drinking a bottle of Stateside beer and munching some hot buttered popcorn. The beer and popcorn had cost him 20 cents.

If he had been here 23 months ago, he would gladly have paid double that amount just for a long drink of fresh water. It was rationed in those days—one canteen to a man every day for bathing, shaving, drinking. He would have eaten corn willie three times a day or gone hungry. Soon he'll be able to buy a toasted sandwich and a cup of coffee in the new service club.

If he had time on his hands 23 months ago, he might have gone fishing or thrown rocks at wild goats. Today he can bowl, shoot pool or go to a movie every night in the week at the Rock-Si Theater, "Galapagos' finest." There is a PX; a beer garden, where Billy Bender, the island's popular bowlegged goat, wobbles about; a bowling alley, a theater and a magnificent stone service club that is being opened a section at a time after 15 months abuilding.

But "The Rock" is still a barren island of boulders, cactus and volcanic dust that leaves a dirty brown film wherever it settles. The few scrub trees appear as dead as the rocks about them. Herds of wild goats roam the island.

This outermost defense of the Panama Canal in the Pacific is one of scores of islands in the Galapagos group, which covers some 2,000 square miles along the equator and lies a thousand miles southwest of the Republic of Panama and 600 miles from Ecuador.

Like most of the Galapagos islands, "The Rock" has English and Spanish names but they haven't been used much since the U. S. signed an agreement with Ecuador permitting us to establish a base for the Sixth Air Force. Unlike other famous "Rocks" of this war—Corregidor, Gibraltar and Malta—this one was undefended before Pearl Harbor. Its only inhabitants were goats and iguanas.

For months the new garrison battled against time, terrain and disease while runways were blasted out of the stubborn lava rock and barracks were built. Dysentery laid low a large percentage of the personnel for days at a time. Food was scarce; sea rations and turtle steak were used to vary the monotonous diet. Water was scarcer. Until a nearer source was tapped, fresh water had to be shipped in by barge from a supply hundreds of miles away.

Even today fresh water isn't plentiful. One big gripe is salt-water showers. In an almost futile effort to keep clean, a GI takes a three-in-one bath; first, he lathers himself, using fresh water drawn from a portable tank outside the wash barracks; next, he steps under a salt-water shower; then he dashes a little fresh water over himself to remove salt particles.

In the early days GIs carried their arms and ammunition everywhere—to mess, the latrine, even the theater. Real rifle shots often punctuated the Westerns in the Rock-Si Theater, and light still filters through bullet holes in the roof.

LSMs were unknown when a Navy detachment landed in December 1941. The unloading of heavy equipment was a slow and laborious job. It took four days to get the first tractor ashore. The Navy's log for that first Christmas Day carried the entry: "All hands tireder than all hell."

Before the end of the month, a Marine detachment had arrived to help establish the island outpost. The Navy's first mail—misdirected—arrived the first week of 1942. Soon afterward Army engineers began surveys and before May the first planes of the Sixth Air Force had landed.

Army and Navy patrol planes have kept up a relentless search for the enemy. Men at AWS outposts on other islands and CA spotters on "The Rock" are constantly on the alert. Their vigil is lonely and continuous.

THE QM laundry, known as "The Beta Button Busters," boasts the oldest permanent personnel on the island. Two New Yorkers, S/Sgt. Abraham Kushner of the Bronx and Cpl. William Duernberger of New Rochelle, are approaching the two-year mark. "We used to run around wearing anything we could find," Kushner said. "There were no MPs, no PX, no beer. Now our PX is like Macy's department store."

When T-5 Clair E. Scott of Manton, Mich., arrived 20 months ago, there was one paved road five blocks long. Now a bus for GIs races around the island every half-hour over hard-surfaced roads. "I was here six months before I got a day off," declared Scott, an engineer.

Beer came before the PX. It was rationed, naturally—one can (warm) to a man. But the line was even longer than when the rumor circulated that the post office had a stock of stamps. Somebody figured the best way to collect empty beer cans was to dig a big hole, so the guzzlers would throw their empty cans in; instead, GIs held bull sessions inside and threw their cans out. Now soldiers and sailors relax in a bamboo-lined beer garden with tables and benches on a cement floor. MPs, who enforce the law for both the Army and Navy on the island, shoo the beer drinkers out of the garden at 2230 hours. There are few jailbirds. Capt. Edward L. Roederer, CA, oldest officer on "The Rock" in point of service, says there wasn't a case of battery punishment in the first nine months.

In the library, where lava-pitted rocks kept magazines from being blown away, it was just a matter of lifting a tent flap if you wanted more light to read by. Now the library is housed in the service club, with Cpl. Benjamin H. Avin of Sacramento, Calif., in charge.

Boxing is the big sport. Fight fans by the hundreds crowd the ring near the PX on Friday nights to watch eliminations in the 55-man Army-Navy tournament. In the touch-football league, there are three Navy teams—the Billy Goats, Wood's Bombers and the Rock Lizards. Pvt. Terry Moore laid out the baseball field, for a 10-team league.

Young Ecuadorians who had never seen anyone bowl became pinboys when the alleys opened this year under the management of Cpl. Walter Hattenbach of Cincinnati, Ohio. The Ecuadorians were delighted with the polished alleys; they slid down them barefooted to set up their own pins after the GIs finished playing.

A deep-sea-fishing cruise, operated by Special Service twice daily, is a popular diversion. Some of the best fishing anywhere is found in Galapagos waters. With average luck a landlubber can land a 50-pound tuna—if a shark doesn't chew it off the line first. Mess sergeants frequently have a nice catch in their ice chests.

News of life on "The Rock" is chronicled by Cpl. Sidney Sampson of New York City in a mimeographed weekly, the *Goat's Whisker*, which he says he tries to keep "as conservative as the New York *Times*."

The popular sailor hang-out is the enlisted men's Blue Jacket Club, managed by Wilson J. Eddinger SF2c of Allentown, Pa. Overlooking the ocean is a new barbecue pit for fish fries and steak roasts. The Fantail is the Navy's own theater. Two Floridians, James E. McMillan CSK and Jack E. Lewis SK3c, edit *Rockbound*, the Navy's weekly paper. Seabees helped build the Navy installations and now help maintain them. One of their latest contributions is a concrete sun deck outside the sick bay overlooking the Pacific.

THE Galapagos used to be a pirate hide-out. American whaling vessels also were in the habit of putting in at the islands to catch the giant land turtles that nested there. Many types of birds and animals on the islands are unlike anything found elsewhere in the world. It was after studying them that Charles Darwin wrote "The Origin of the Species."

Before the war, Jap fishing boats sailed Galapagos waters, and their names are among those scratched on the cliffs of Tagus Cove on Albermarle Island. In 1934 two Navy planes made the first flight to the islands, taking medical aid to an explorer who was ill with appendicitis. The ships had to fly through tropical storms, and the story made headlines all over the country.

The free-and-easy days when a GI could wander around looking like Robinson Crusoe are over, of course. Now there are drill periods and lay-out inspections. Sun-tans are regulation after 1700 hours. Still, if a man wants to save money and is content with a spare-time program of reading, bowling, movies and letter writing, the going is not too rough. Even so, more than one GI has requested reassignment.

This Week's Cover

WEARING boots completely identified as his own by three letters, "IKE," the Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces makes a surprise visit to some hard-working GIs on the Western Front. The soldier at right still holds on to his cigarette (something not to be thrown away these days) as he comes to attention. Ike doesn't seem to mind.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2 & 3—Signal Corps. 5—INP. 6—Sixth Air Force. 7—Farm Security Administration. 10 & 11—Pfc. George Burns. 12—Left upper & lower, Masen Pawlak CPhoM; upper right, Pfc. Burns; lower right, Acme; center, AAF. 13—Upper left, Pfc. Burns; center left, Sgt. Reg Kenny; lower left, T/Sgt. Bob Beerman; upper right, Sgt. Lou Stoumen; lower right, Signal Corps. 18—Upper, ASFTC, Flora (Miss.) Ordnance Plant; center, Cavalry School, Fort Riley, Kans.; lower, Signal Corps. 19—Upper, DeRidder AAB, La.; center, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.; lower, AAFTC Fort Worth, Tex. 20—Columbia Pictures. 23—PA.

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Veterans on the Farm

GIs experienced on the land can borrow cash from the Department of Agriculture to buy new farms or restock their old ones.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

"THERE was a lot of chicken when I was in the Army," Leo Pierce said. "I got so fed up with it that when I came out, I decided to see if I could make a living out of chicken."

Pierce, a thin, serious-looking man of 28, went into the Army in August 1943. Discharged at Fort Devens, Mass., after developing stomach ulcers, he's one of more than 1,000 veterans of this war who have gone into farming with the help of the FSA (Farm Security Administration of the Department of Agriculture).

When he got out of ODs, Pierce had a little money—his mustering-out pay, $100 or so, and the allotment money his thrifty wife had saved. Born and brought up in Augusta, Maine, he knew about a 68-acre Government-owned farm a couple of miles out of town. The FSA had it up for sale.

Pierce called on the county supervisor, Leon H. Lamoreau, and asked him about the place. It had been valued at $4,000, but it could be had for $2,000; Pierce figured it was a good buy.

"I was ready to make a down payment on the place," said Pierce, "but Mr. Lamoreau said I wouldn't have to."

The down payment was waived, Lamoreau explained, because Pierce needed all his ready cash to make improvements and buy livestock.

Pierce had always fooled around his father's place as a kid and had no trouble showing that he'd be a good risk. Now he has a cow, two hogs —one about ready for killing—and 150 pullets.

Pierce says he figures that when he builds his flock up to 500 laying hens, he'll be able to make a living from them. And 1,000 hens, he says, will give him a good living.

He's an enterprising character. Hearing there was a market for rabbits, Pierce got himself several and sat by and watched them multiply. Since he knows everybody in Augusta, he expects to be able to sell the eggs and rabbits—and later the raspberries from his several hundred bushes—directly to consumers in town. That way he'll get a better price.

Mary Kathleen, his wife, is a farm girl and does much of the work while Pierce holds down a full-time job in an Augusta shoe factory. She's put up more than 250 jars of fruits and vegetables. With her help, the $11.20 a month Pierce is paying on his debt to the FSA should be a cinch.

WHAT Pierce needed and what he got from the FSA was a Farm Ownership loan. Bill Massure had a different problem.

A native of Fryeburg, Maine, Bill went into the Army in September 1942, spent a year with the 715th Engineers in Africa and at 41 was discharged as over age under the regulation then in force. He had been a farm hand, a carpenter and a lumberman.

Massure's prospects, when he came back to the States in December 1943, didn't look too bright. Married a couple of years before he went in, he had a little more than $300—his mustering-out pay and some Army back pay—and that wasn't enough to do anything much with.

Today Massure is located on a farm as a tenant and owns eight cows. They are the beginning of the herd of 20 he intends to have built up in another year and a half.

Massure's wife Hilda knows practically as much about farming as he does. Hilda, too, was born and brought up in Fryeburg and part of the time Bill was overseas she worked as a hired hand, driving a team, plowing and doing chores. Later she quit the farm to work in a shipyard.

Massure is particularly well off because he's renting a farm that must have cost $40,000 or $50,000 to build up. It's in the Saco River Valley near Conway, N. H., on a 1,000-acre estate owned by a New York lawyer. Massure has 50 tillable acres and the right to cut all the wood he needs. The barns and other farm buildings are modern and contain equipment such as a refrigerating unit most farmers couldn't think of installing.

Into the bargain, Massure, his wife and their infant son have a pleasant, well-furnished eight-room house for their $20-a-month rent.

Bill Massure's changed circumstances, like Leo Pierce's, were brought about by the FSA. It was through the FSA that Bill found the farm he now leases and borrowed the $1,000 with which to buy his cows. Here's the way the FSA works:

FIRST off, the vet seeking FSA help has to have farm experience, either as a hired hand, a tenant or an owner. A shoe salesman can't suddenly decide he wants to be a farmer and ask for a loan. Of course, if a shoe clerk wants to be a farmer after he gets his discharge, he can go to an agricultural college under the GI Bill of Rights. Then, if he can convince the FSA that he knows enough about farming to be a good risk, the agency will lend him the money to start out.

A qualified veteran can borrow enough money from the FSA under the Farm Ownership Plan—the way Leo Pierce did—to buy a place of his own. The amount loaned under this plan is limited to the average value of all the farms larger than 30 acres in the county where the vet wants to settle, and the maximum that can be loaned is $12,000. The FSA loan provisions were established mainly to help tenant farmers buy their own farms, so the money available to the agency for loans under this plan is allocated to states according to the number of tenant farmers in each state.

The borrower under this type of loan has 40 years in which to pay off, and the interest rate is 3 percent. The FSA knows a farmer's income varies from year to year and from season to season, so it allows him to make smaller payments in lean times and bigger payments in good times.

The second form of FSA loan—the one Bill Massure got—is called Rural Rehabilitation. The largest amount that can be borrowed under this plan is $2,500. The money may be used for operating needs such as the purchase of livestock, seed, feed, tools and farm machinery or family-living needs. Loans run from one to five years at 5 percent interest.

In some cases, in order to give the veteran a start, the FSA will make loans under both plans.

A veteran borrowing money from the FSA makes his application through a county supervisor, who will look over the place the veteran wants to buy and tell him whether it is a good investment and what he will need to fix his place up. The county supervisor is invariably a man with practical farming experience. Often he is an agricultural-college graduate.

The applicant is also interviewed by a county committee, made up of three farmers in the area where the applicant lives or wants to settle. The committee can tell pretty quickly whether the joe who wants the money is a capable enough farmer to make good on the loan.

The FSA takes a mortgage on the farm for its Farm Ownership loan or a chattel mortgage for its Rural Rehabilitation loan.

Bill Massure

HALL EDWARDS is another Maine man who can tell you about FSA loans. He was a pfc in the 752d Tank Battalion and, after seeing service in Africa, is settled down on his old home farm in Pownal Township, Cumberland County.

Discharged from the Army after a long siege of stomach trouble, he came home to find his father, George Freeland Edwards, too crippled with rheumatism to work much. Ex-Pfc. Edwards arranged to take the farm over from his father for $3,000.

"It's a pretty easy arrangement," Hall said. "Pa says that when I get rich I can pay him."

The farm consists of 300 acres, 150 of them tillable. Hall had about $700 when he came out of the Army and when he discovered last April that this wasn't enough to set things right, he called on Darius G. Joy, the county supervisor, and arranged under Rural Rehabilitation for two loans totaling $2,395.

Then Hall bought 17 cows and a milk cooler. With the cows he already had, the milk now brings him in about $100 a week. And there's an extra $10 a week which the Government pays him as a subsidy.

Hall pays the FSA $15 a month to liquidate his debt. "It's taken out of my milk money and turned right over to Mr. Joy," he said. "I don't see it at all, so it don't hurt me none."

He is working to build up his dairy herd to about 75 cows and says: "I'm going to try to be the biggest milk producer in this part of Maine someday. And I'm going to stay right here in the State of Maine and never go out of it.

"When I was over in Africa, I useta say: 'If I ever get back to that farm of mine, I'll never go further than 10 miles from it.' Well, I almost kept my word. I've been back here since last August and the farthest I've been is Portland. That's 20 miles away."

HELP FOR THE HOME FOLKS

A GI who was a farmer before he went into the Army doesn't have to wait until he gets his discharge to borrow money from the Farm Security Administration. If his place becomes run down while he's in service, his family can ask the FSA for money to keep the place up to working standards.

He should write his folks and tell them to go to the county supervisor of the FSA in their neighborhood. The supervisor will explain to them the conditions under which they can apply for a loan. If these conditions can be met, they will get the money.

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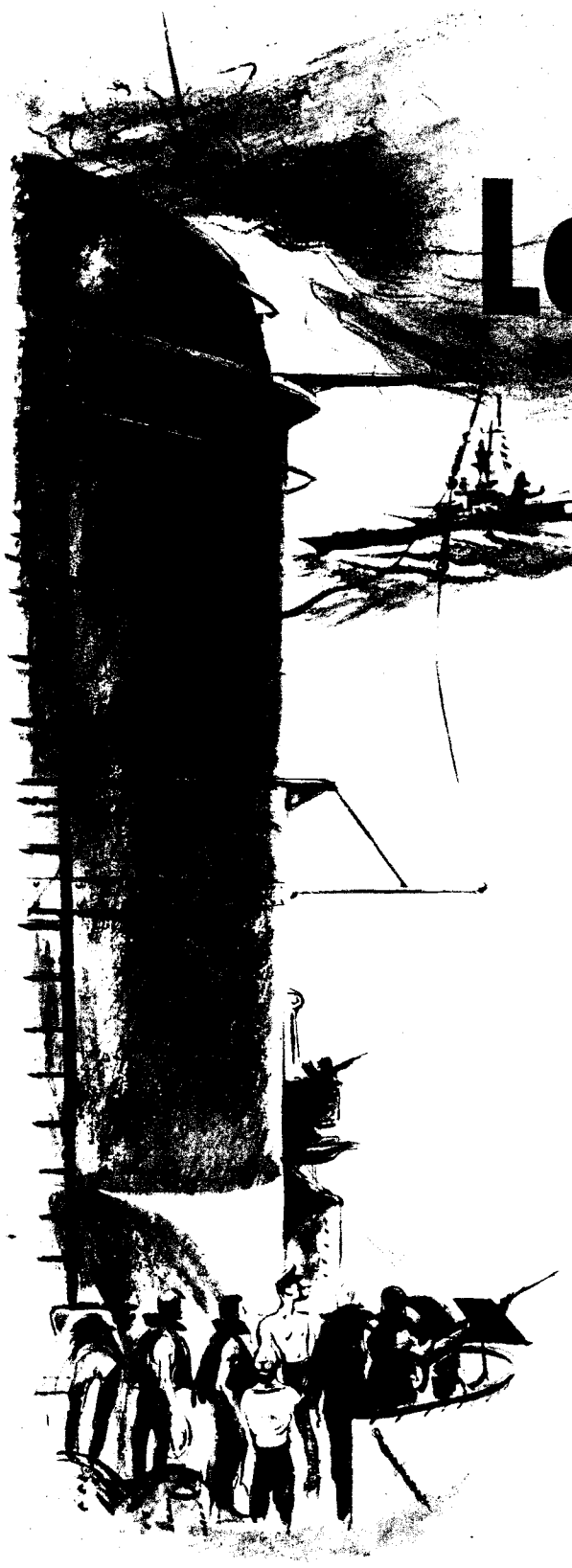
Log of the Sweet P

From the Coral Sea and Midway in 1942 to the Leyte invasion, this heavy cruiser and her crew have seen plenty of Pacific action.



By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ABOARD A HEAVY CRUISER IN THE PACIFIC—For several thunderous hours before the first troops set foot on the sands of Leyte Island in the Philippines invasion, the heavy cruiser *Sweet P* lay off the green waters of Leyte Gulf and methodically destroyed Jap defensive positions and troop concentrations ashore.

For oldtimers on the *Sweet P* like James R. Henington CY, it was nothing new. When Henington went home to Douglas, Ariz., on leave not long ago, he had a silver battle star and four bronze ones on his Asiatic-Pacific campaign ribbon, standing for nine engagements. Next time Henington goes home he should have at least three silver stars.

In its two years of action in the Pacific, the *Sweet P* has been in 15 engagements all told, although battle stars haven't been announced yet for some of the latest ones. Just before Leyte, the cruiser threw a few punches at Palau and now she's off to sea on another mission. But Henington, like most of his shipmates, isn't star happy.

"When everybody is in civilian clothes after the war," Henington says, "I think they'll forget about ribbons and stars. For my part, they *can*."

The *Sweet P* has seen so much of the ocean war out here that whatever glamor there was has worn thin. About the only deal it missed was the Marianas. "For eight battles," says Joseph G. Dieter CBM of Maplehill, Kans., "we didn't miss a damn one."

In 1942, the *Sweet P* was in the first raid on Tulagi and the Battle of the Coral Sea in May, the Battle of Midway a month later (the Japs must have been surprised when the *Sweet P* turned up there after being so far away a short time before), the battles around Guadalcanal during the summer, a private one-ship raid on Tarawa and the Battle of Santa Cruz, both in October, and the Second Battle of Guadalcanal in November.

In 1943, the *Sweet P* bombarded Kiska in July, took part in the occupation of Kiska in August and of Tarawa in November and raided the Marshalls in December.

In 1944, she was in on the Majuro raid in January, the Eniwetok occupation in February, the Palau raid in March, the Hollandia occupation in April, the Truk raid a week later and the Satawan bombardment a day after Truk.

Many a gallon of paint has been washed off the *Sweet P*'s hull in her travels of more than 100,000 miles to make these explosive appearances.

In the Old Navy, sailors often retired after 20 years of service without ever crossing the Equator and becoming a shellback. In the last two years, however, the *Sweet P* has crossed the line 18 times. One odd result has been that sometimes shellback seamen second class (equivalent to pfcs in the Army) have grinned as a lieutenant commander from Annapolis endured the head shaving, paddlings, electric shocks and greasings of "an humble pollywog."

ALL this means that the *Sweet P*'s crew has seen little but the blue waters of the mid-Pacific in the last several years. Chief Dieter is a good example. Since we got in the war he has been at sea on the *Sweet P* for all but 135 days. Of those days ashore, 100 were just liberties (passes for a few hours). Only 35 were actual leave time. During two weeks of liberties in Sydney, Australia, in December, 1942, Dieter managed to spend $1,000. And on a 29-day leave, enjoyed by all the *Sweet P*'s crew not long ago, Dieter got hitched. Nearly 100 shipmates were married at the same time.

The *Sweet P*'s crew has lived in a little world of seasons all its own. One day they might be in the bitter Aleutians, where Howard L. Selden CMM of Tacoma, Wash., couldn't get used to the all-night daylight. A fortnight later they might be steaming along the Equator with the fire-room thermometer reading 178 degrees.

Just after the Battle of Midway, the *Sweet P* had its longest stretch at sea—99 days without sight of land and 105 days from port to port. The fresh provisions ran out, but there was always enough bread and canned goods. Nerves wore ragged, according to Chief Henington, but everyone realized things could be worse when a destroyer, down to hardtack and beans, would heave to. Then the *Sweet P* would send over bread and ice cream and any other items she could spare.

Life on a cruiser has its credits and its debits. The main advantage on the *Sweet P* is that there is always plenty of "gedunk" (sweet stuff). There is a well-equipped soda fountain with floats and cokes for a nickel, and sundaes (with chocolate syrup but no chopped nuts) for a dime. There is a ship's service, open six hours a day, selling cigarettes, candy, peanuts, toilet articles, magazines, stationery and even souvenirs and gifts like seashell necklaces. There is a tailor shop whose operator, Luther Winkler S1c of St. Louis, Mo., claims he can do anything a shore needleworker can. (Rates are sewed on for 15 cents, suits pressed for a quarter.) Winkler puts his thimbles aside during battle to pitch in on damage control.

The *Sweet P* also has a barber. Haircuts are 20 cents but, on orders from the bridge, they are all strictly GI. Shampoos and other such specialties would be offered if the waiting-line would tolerate such wastes of time. A laundry, with steam presser, charges $1 a month for weekly service.

Silex coffee makers are everywhere aboard the *Sweet P*, even in the big gun turrets. "Coffee's always on," says Jack C. Farnsworth SF3c of Long Beach, Calif., "as long as you can get some seaman second class to make it." There are also at least 15 juke boxes on the vessel. There are several radios, but they are seldom any good more than 500 miles from shore.

Unlike the *Sweet P*, cruisers don't usually have nicknames the way battlewagons, flat-tops and cans do. They are more often just "the lady," a name they share with all other vessels, along with the traditions and slang of the Navy.

The *Sweet P*'s public-address system often bellows a call for the "fresh-water king." His majesty turns out to be just an enlisted man whose job it is to look after the motors producing the drinking water. Another enlisted man, known as the "oil king," sounds the oil tanks and turns in a daily report on the quantity of fuel.

"Plank owners" are another tradition-laden group. The *Sweet P* has only one, Otis Rutland CWT of Vallejo, Calif. A plank owner is a man who has been aboard ever since the vessel's commissioning. Nowadays ships keep losing their oldtimers to cadres on "new construction."

Rutland is the only man aboard the *Sweet P* who can remember the day in 1932 when she joined the fleet as one of America's treaty cruisers of the 10,000-ton class. After the great powers scuttled the treaty limitations on fleet strengths, extra gear was put aboard to make her a mightier fighter and to steady her down.

The *Sweet P*'s crew now ranges from 17-year-old Donald J. Martin SM3c of Jeffersonville, Ind., a two-year veteran who lied about his age when he enlisted at 15, to John (Pop) Hughes CBM, who has been a sailor 27 years and expects to have to salute his own daughter who will be an ensign nurse in a couple of years.

A favorite pastime on this voyage, as on all the *Sweet P*'s missions, has been to track down, or invent, scuttlebutt on where she is going. One wrong guess was Samoa. Paul Carpenter Y3c of Headland, Ala., drawled his hope that we might be going to that peaceful Allied territory. "Last year," he says, "every place we went wasn't ours —or wasn't until we got there."

ALL hands on the *Sweet P* agree that her worst experience in these feverish Pacific-war years was off Guadalcanal's moisture-laden hills in November 1942. The ship was at general quarters (battle stations) for 57 hours.

It started with an air raid. Big twin-engined Jap bombers came in as torpedo planes. The American task force "shot them down like ducks," says Chief Henington. One crashed on the cruiser *San Francisco* but caused little damage. Of 20 or so bombers that came in, only one got away, and Henington believes a P-38 clipped that one.

Next morning, just before 0200 hours—it was Friday the 13th—the order "stand by for action" came over the battle phones. Five minutes later the battle was on, as sudden as that. "Everyone aboard had a sneaking hunch something was coming down," says Dieter, "so it was not a total surprise. Right then we were all so tired that the less we knew the better off we were."

A Jap fleet had moved in and was less than a mile away—point-blank range for the big ships involved. Cruisers and battlewagon engagements are usually short and snappy, and this one was

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all over in 20 minutes. But at the end of that time, 13 ships were burning, and several more were under the waves. That stretch of water is now known as Iron-Bottom Bay.

"Guns were blazing like hell," Henington recalls. "We were about 5,000 yards from one Jap battlewagon. We got that one. I claim it was a battleship, though others say it was a heavy cruiser. But whatever it was, it went down."

"The *Sweet P* and the *San Francisco* hit it simultaneously," said Chief Selden. "It went down in three minutes. We sank between four and seven ships in all."

Just before the end of the fight, the *Sweet P* was hit. Henington, as the captain's talker, was on the bridge relaying orders to the guns. He noticed a destroyer coming toward the *Sweet P* and, like others who spotted the vessel, thought it was one of ours. The Jap can was identified and sunk by the *Sweet P*'s guns, but not before she had loosed a torpedo. It hit aft, chewing a hole in the *Sweet P*. One sailor on the fantail was blown across the chasm and 10 feet into the air, landing almost unhurt on the turret of the 8-inch guns.

For at least two minutes the big ship vibrated as if a Goliath were shaking her, Dieter says. To Henington on the bridge "it felt like we were going up in an elevator—then down again." To Selden below, the explosion "sounded like the main guns—a nine-gun salvo—only three times as loud: it knocked most of the men in the main engine room to their knees."

"We had the steering gear shot off," Selden says. "We were making 19 knots in a tight circle. We had the rudder jammed over. We were trying to get the hell out of there but we were just going in circles. The two inboard screws were knocked off."

At daybreak the crippled *Sweet P* was still twisting helplessly. As light increased she was startled to see she had company—a Jap destroyer dead in the water. The enemy can was bulging with survivors. After a hasty conference on the bridge, the *Sweet P* ordered the can to abandon ship and gave it 15 minutes to do so. The can replied by trying to get under way. Clumsily the *Sweet P* horsed herself about with her two remaining propellers until finally the destroyer was in her sights. The sixth salvo was a perfect hit.

The ordeal was still not over. All day tiny Higgins boats from Guadalcanal scratched the hull of the stricken *Sweet P* as they pushed her toward Tulagi, 15 miles away. Just as the *Sweet P* got in safely behind Tulagi's cliffs, a Jap battlewagon came into Iron-Bottom Bay. It didn't find the *Sweet P*, but it poured repeated salvos into Guadalcanal's sands. The *Sweet P*, patched up with materials flown in, was later taken to Australia for more thorough repairs.

How other ordeals should be rated in order of severity is a matter of opinion. Dieter rates Midway as second worst.

"Midway brought the longest air raid the *Sweet P* has ever endured," says Lawrence Kotula CGM of Little Falls, Minn. "Jap planes came in all day long, and around 125 were shot down by the force."

That was when the carrier *Yorktown* got it. Orders went out to make ready to tow the *Yorktown*. "We had our towing gear broke out," says Dieter. But before it could be put to use, another air-raid alarm was sounded and the *Sweet P* was ordered to take off. A can manned by volunteers remained behind to protect the *Yorktown* while a salvage gang tried to right her. If the *Sweet P* had tried a tow, "it would have been like shooting ducks on the water," says Selden. The *Yorktown* and the can that stayed with her were sunk.

Others rate Santa Cruz as the *Sweet P*'s second worst experience.

"There were planes burning in the water all around us that day," says Ivan B. Hill BM1c of Thompson Falls, Mont. "Some bombs that missed us were close enough to splash water on the ship."

"We lost steering control twice," Selden adds. "The steering gear jammed hard over due to mechanical failure. We made a quick turn and chased every other damn ship in the task force all over the ocean."

All Henington remembers now of Santa Cruz is "a lot of planes." "Air raids after a while don't have any significance," he says. "Everybody gets scared, you can't say they don't, but finally you get used to raids. You're afraid and yet it's an every-day thing to you. It's hard to explain."

The Coral Sea Battle stands out chiefly in Farnsworth's memory because of the three Jap planes that tried to land on the *Yorktown*, apparently mistaking it for a Jap carrier. Farnsworth watched the planes, lights on, circling the American flat-top. Finally the carrier identified them and shot them down.

To Kotula the *Sweet P*'s one-ship raid on Tarawa, 13 months before the invasion, rates high on the bad-time list. "If we got it, we had just two outlooks—to be killed or taken prisoner. We were right in the middle of Jap territory."

To make things more uncomfortable, the *Sweet P* had to slow down in order to pick up her "gooney bird" observation planes. As the cruiser slackened her speed to hook the planes aboard, "all a sub had to if he was there was to get in position and sink us," says Dieter.

Gooney birds are named after the clumsy, ridiculous-looking birds on Midway Island, which they resemble. Launched by the explosion of a shell in a catapult amidships, they are manned by "airedales" (flight personnel who are a regular part of the cruiser's company) and serve as observation for the ship's main guns. After a shore target has been battered down, the gooney birds go in at strafing level looking for final targets for the cruiser, such as pillboxes and strongpoints still resisting the ground troops.

William Bishop ACRM of Los Angeles, Calif., recalls that during the Tarawa raid "I saw a machine-gun nest strafing the marines coming in, so we went down to treetop level." Going within rifle and machine-gun range cost his swooping gooney bird holes in a wing and a float. Holes in the floats are bad news for gooney birds because a punctured float filled with water makes the plane spin in circles when it tries to taxi to the moving cruiser's side. As Bishop's plane taxied home, he perched on the wing tip opposite the punctured float to keep it clear of the water.

Her gooney birds are the cruiser's pets, and many a crew member will tell you with proud chuckles of one gooney bird that had the gall to strafe a Jap light cruiser, even though "Low and Slow" is the gooney birds' second nickname. That plane came back with its engine so badly shattered no one knew how it flew.

The attitude of the average *Sweet P* crew member toward his job is probably summed up fairly well by Donald Lawson S1c of Louisville, Ky. "I wouldn't trade my experiences for all the money in the world," he says, "but I wouldn't want to do it again, either."

At dusk off Tulagi, when a U. S. PT boat challenged the crippled *Sweet P*, her blinker flashed a frantic message to hold off.

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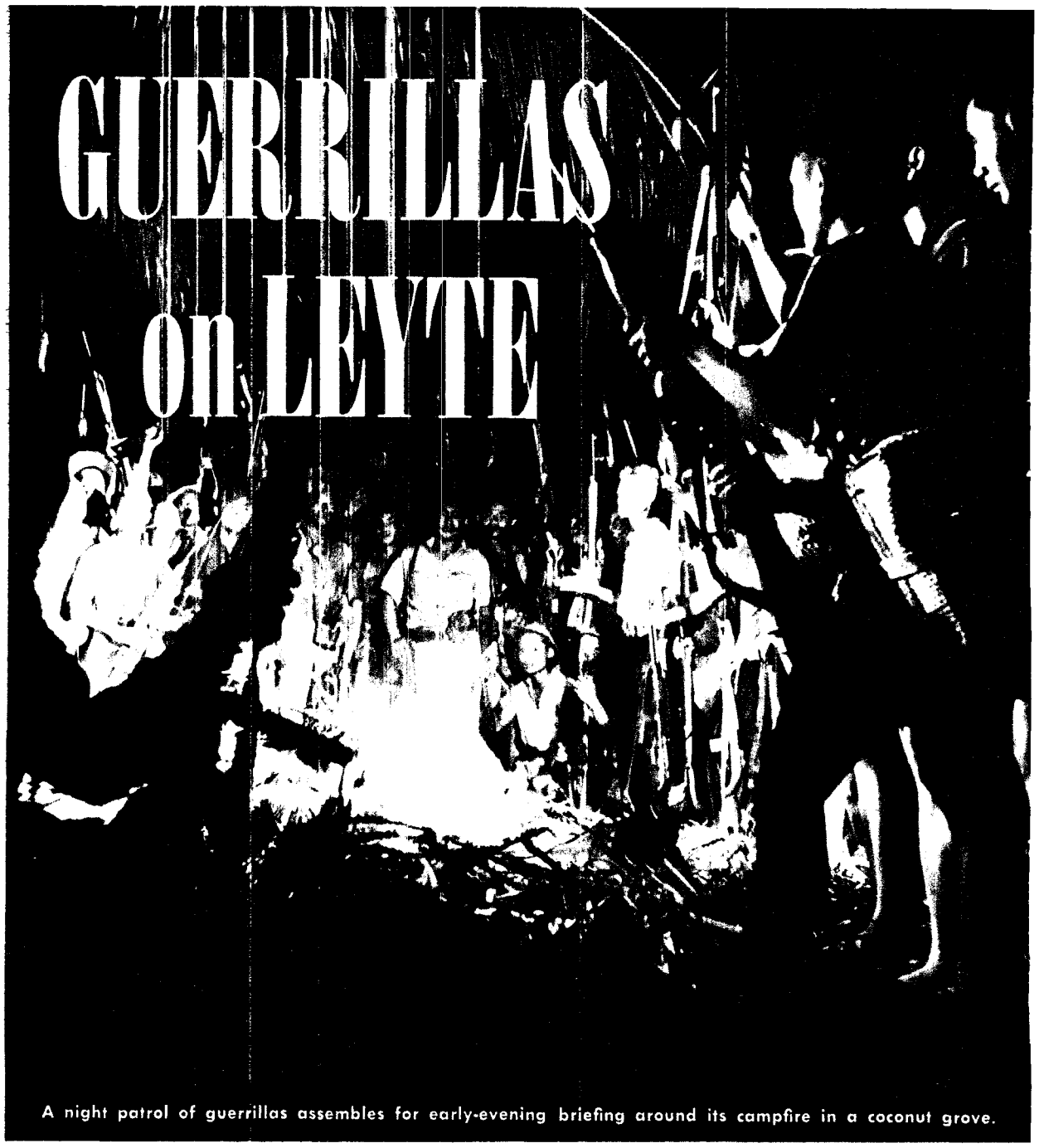
GUERRILLAS on LEYTE



A night patrol of guerrillas assembles for early-evening briefing around its campfire in a coconut grove.

Fighting from the hills with home-made weapons, Filipino patriots caused the Japs plenty of trouble and helped pave the way for the American landings.

By Pfc. GEORGE BURNS
YANK Staff Correspondent

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—The first the outside world heard of guerrillas in the Philippines was when Gen. MacArthur released news of their daring raids before and during the invasion of Leyte. "As Commander in Chief," he said, "I publicly acknowledge and pay tribute to the heroes who have selflessly and defiantly subordinated all to the cause of human liberty."

Before this proclamation, guerrillas were people in Yugoslavia, Russia, Italy and Greece. The word had no point of reference in the Pacific war. Nobody had much first-hand information about Filipino guerrillas except the Japs and a few U. S. Intelligence officers. For obvious reasons neither of these groups was talking.

When the Japs took Corregidor on May 6, 1942, the Philippines were in their hands theoretically, but not actually. Masses of Filipinos in the large cities had to accept the conquerors and do their bidding, but many small bands took to the hills before the Jap dragnet was spread. These small bands were the nucleus of the Filipino guerrilla forces praised by Gen. MacArthur and incorporated, after the Leyte landings, into the Philippine Army with the same ratings and a fixed pay scale.

The guerrilla bands started on Luzon and spread quickly through the other islands. Their leaders were members of the old Philippine Army and Yanks who escaped from Bataan. From their hide-outs they watched Jap troop movements and harassed the conquerors constantly despite the standing threat of death. Their numbers increased as the months went by. They organized and roamed the hills, not as separate bands any longer but as one consolidated army, carefully plotting attacks on Jap supply lines in coordination with over-all Pacific strategy.

An American soldier was still very much a novelty to the guerrillas when I made a trip to one of their headquarters. A Piper Cub took our party to a small jungle landing field—a 250-yard runway prepared by 98 native workers in two days. Here we were met by Capt. Francisco Delmar, a member of the civilian volunteers, who are not guerrillas proper but serve the fighters as guides, guards and messengers. Capt. Delmar was to lead us to the headquarters of Capt. Jose Illustre, guerrilla leader of the sector. Pfc. Robert Swanson, a combat correspondent with the 7th Division, Pvt. Ensocencio Reas, a Filipino scout, were the others in the party.

We struck out due south and walked across unbroken fields for two kilometers until we reached a small tributary of the Cadocan River. Here we obtained a roomy hand-hewn dugout canoe from a native. With Capt. Delmar and Pvt. Reas rowing and paddling, we moved swiftly down the narrow stream and into the broad, beautiful Cadocan. Heading upstream, Capt. Delmar kept close to the thick foliage of the shore to avoid observation from the air. At the village of Canzi the river ran so swiftly that we couldn't paddle farther. We tied up and went ashore. Filipinos immediately surrounded Capt. Delmar, talking and pointing to the hills.

"A guide reports Japs two kilometers up the trail," the captain said. "I believe it's still safe for us to continue. There is a band of guerrillas already on their trail." We began to hike toward the village of Ticas, across more open fields and through jungle growth. At Ticas we were met by Sgt. Pedro Cordefa. It was his platoon that had intercepted the Japs.

"I set up my CP here," Cordefa explained, "but my scouts are watching the movements of the Japs and we plan to strike again later." When we asked Cordefa how many Japs were in the area, he guessed their number to be 100 or 110. Later we learned that this is an estimate always used by the guerrillas in determining enemy strength. The average guerrilla company is made up of about 100 men, and anything that seems the same size is reported as 100 or 110, a rough measure of comparison.

This was still too many Japs for comfort. Sgt. Cordefa advised us to take another trail on the other side of the mountain. He said the Japs were busy burying their dead and gave us a guide to accompany us to Capt. Illustre's headquarters via the new route. The ascent now was steeper and the jungle growth thicker. Twice we crossed waist-high streams.

Word of our coming preceded us. The guerrilla warning systems work both ways and, as we went along, people who had been in hiding came out to greet us. Capt. Delmar explained their hushed exclamations as they gathered around us. "You are the first American soldiers they have ever seen," he said. "They are all anxious to have a good look at you."

We had similar experiences at other *barrios* along the way. *Barrios* are groups of huts off the trail where guerrillas take food and rest. They have been built and are maintained by families who fled to the hills when the Japs moved in. At one *barrio* we made our first acquaintance with the native brew, *tuba*, which we drank from long, hollow bamboo poles. *Tuba* is freshly made every day from the sap of the coconut tree, with the red bark of the tunuz tree added for coloring. It is alcoholic, has a sharp, nasty smell, and tasted to us more like beer than wine. We drank heartily in order not to offend our hosts.

IT WAS almost dark when we reached the headquarters of a 96th Division battalion. On the surface it looked like the *barrios* we had passed on the way, but here everything was strictly military. Capt. Illustre, in charge of the entire region south of the Abuyog Bay pass that cuts Leyte in half, came out to meet us. There were three platoons of guerrillas around the headquarters. Two of them were preparing to leave to pursue the Japs at Ticas.

When we came in, the captain called a pair of guerrilla privates to attention and ordered chairs for us. The chairs appeared in an instant. "Where are we?" I asked Capt. Illustre. He went into his hut and came back with a frayed, much-used 1937 National Geographic map of Leyte. "This is the only map we have in the battalion," he said. "It was put ashore by the submarine that brought us supplies last June. Here, we'd better use a flashlight." Under the dim light, Capt. Illustre traced with his finger the route we had traveled and explained the guerrilla system of combating a large force with a few men.

"YOU must remember," he said, "that until a few months ago all our weapons had to be made by hand with what materials the hills would give us. It is not possible to do what you call 'fight it out' with large numbers of the Japs. We must strike and fall back and then strike again—lay snares for them as we would for animals. The hit-and-run system we developed worked this way: A platoon sets up a CP in an area known to be infested with Japs. A scout and a runner go ahead to determine whether the enemy is bivouacked or on the march.

"If they are on the march, the runner returns with the word. We guerrillas, with complete knowledge of the mountain trails, can set up an ambush in a hurry along the trail over which we know the Japs must come. We spread out 10 paces apart and 20 to 30 paces from the trail. The Japs' scout or point is allowed to pass unharmed, but when the main file appears within range, we start shooting. It's all over very quickly.

"If the Japs have established bivouac positions for the night, we form two separate attack forces. One band strikes and withdraws quickly and while the Japs are still disorganized the other comes in from a different angle to strike again. In this way a unit as small as a squad is able to engage 50 or 60 Japs."

When a small guerrilla force happens across a Jap troop on the march it sometimes makes a

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Dugout canoe on the Cadocan River. Guerrilla Pvt. Ensocencio Reas rows. U. S. Pfc. Bob Swanson is in bow.

soyac, or neighborhood trap. Sharpened pieces of bamboo are thrust into the tall grass along the trail at a 45-degree angle. When the Japs reach the ambush, the guerrillas open fire. The Japs naturally dive off the trail to "hit the dirt" and impale themselves on the bayonetlike spikes.

Capt. Illustre told of another trick the guerrillas used in the early days. The device, set up on their defense perimeter at night, consisted of a storage battery and a high-frequency coil, used much as in our electric fences for keeping cattle corralled. A sudden cry from a shocked Jap would arouse the guerrillas. "But we soon ran out of batteries," Capt. Illustre said.

The guerrillas also found a way to make the Japs exhaust their ammunition at night. They would infiltrate into a Jap camp and shower stones on the tin roof with slingshots. The surprised enemy would start shooting in all directions.

We had supper that had been prepared by women of the auxiliary service—broiled chicken, rice, corn and *tuba*. During the meal, Capt. Catilino Landia, a company commander, told about the pioneer guerrilla organization. When Capt. Illustre had arrived from Mindanao to organize a battalion, the guerrillas had nothing but the clothes on their backs. To make guns for them, an arsenal was established in a blacksmith shop equipped with crude tools salvaged by the civilians when they fled to the hills. Gun barrels were fashioned from ordinary gas and water pipes, usually the diameter of 12-gauge shotgun shells, and stocks were cut from mahogany. More than 300 of these crude weapons were made.

After supper we were shown some of the guerrilla guns. Most of them were bolt-action. When the guerrillas ran short of steel for the firing-pin spring, the gun design was changed to a break-type construction with strong rubber bands forcing the firing pin to strike the shell primer. For ammunition, the guerrillas stole 12-gauge shells from the Japs at Abuyog. The empty shells were later collected and filled with home-made gunpowder and ship nails.

Capt. Landia said that lack of clothing, monotonous meals of rice and corn, and poor sleeping arrangements had not bothered the guerrillas. A corporal who escaped from Bataan stood out among the other men of his company because he had managed to keep his GI uniform in condition. The others usually wore shirts of various origins—chiefly flour sacks and captured Jap material. Most of their hats resembled a condensed version of the Mexican sombrero.

"All I have been able to give my men is promises," Capt. Landia said. "Their spirits have gone up since American weapons came, but I will be glad when we can be garrisoned and begin again as the Philippine Army."

The American weapons were put ashore from submarines that crept into Leyte Bay last June. The basic weapon now is the M1, which the Filipinos prefer to the carbine. Each company also has five BARs, 20 tommy guns and a few pistols captured from the Japs. Capt. Illustre has three companies totaling 349 men under him, with a headquarters detachment of 19 men. Throughout the Jap occupation, guerrilla rosters and reports were filed with the island GHQ and then relayed to Gen. MacArthur's headquarters in Australia. Thus the invasion forces knew exactly what aid to expect when they hit Leyte on Oct. 20.

Lightning flashed across the sky and rain beat violently upon the roof of the house where we were talking. No one paid much heed; such weather is not extraordinary in the Philippines.

Our conversation was interrupted by a newcomer who edged into the faint light and saluted. "We have captured a Japanese soldier," he said. "We are holding him at Palague. We caught him trying to steal food. Sir, his feet are bad. We could not bring him here. He had a rifle and 10 rounds of ammunition."

Capt. Illustre puffed on his cigar, then stared at the guerrilla. "Why do you want to bring the damn Jap here?" he exploded. "I have nothing to ask him. We have no damn Jap interpreter here. You should know better." "Damn Jap" had been Capt. Illustre's favorite expression throughout our bull session.

Swanson put in a word. "Perhaps you had better let them bring him, Captain," he said. "I believe he might be useful to our G-2 at Abuyog. We have Jap interpreters there. We'll take him back with us tomorrow." Capt. Illustre waved his hand at the messenger and ordered him to produce "the damn Jap" in the morning.

We had another visitor—Lt. William Baldwin of Modesto, Calif., a platoon leader of the 32d Regiment who wanted reinforcements for a reconnaissance patrol. Capt. Illustre told him he would send two patrols. They wrote detailed instructions to their units, and a 14-year-old courier was sent out in the black, rainy night to travel 10 kilometers of dense jungle. He was part of the guerrilla communications system.

By now it was time for bed. A straw mat was placed on the floor together with a small rice-filled pillow and a Jap blanket for Swanson and myself. Capt. Illustre stretched out on the built-in wall bed after Capt. Landia had left for his own barracks. An old woman snuffed out the lights—saucer-shaped shells with red hemp wicks dipped in coconut oil—and silently went into the other room. The rain still pelted against the roof. It was easy to fall asleep.

The crowing of a cock sounded reveille for the camp. Soon everyone was bustling around. After a C-ration breakfast, we inspected Capt. Landia's barracks. It was a building of regular Filipino-style bamboo and palm leaves, but it had the air of a western U. S. bunkhouse. Along the porch ran a bench crowded with young guerrillas, watching women prepare boiled rice in front of the barracks. We boosted our popularity by distributing the last 12 packs of our cigarette supply. The boys were tired of home-made cigars.

When we returned to Capt. Illustre's headquarters, the "damn Jap" had not yet shown up, so we decided to leave without him. Capt. Delmar ordered Pvt. Reas, our original guide, to remain at Baybay, site of the headquarters, to lead a later squad, so Capt. Illustre went along with us as far as Ticas. On the way down the winding path, he told us his battalion had killed more than 500 Japs along the route of the Abuyog-Baybay pass. The important road, only southern link with the other part of the island, had been considered impassable by U. S. military experts before the invasion, but the guerrillas had kept it in repair and clear of enemy blockades.

When we reached Ticas, we learned that troops of the 7th Recon had crossed the entire route and had occupied Baybay. They were the first U. S. units to reach Leyte's western coast line in force.

Capt. Illustre said good-bye, and we settled into our dugout canoe. A group of Filipino men and women called to us from the shore. Capt. Delmar answered and swerved the boat inward. "They would like to go with us," he explained. "They haven't been out of the hills in three years."

Two men and three women, carrying little bundles of precious possessions, crowded into the canoe. They were carefree and gay as the boat swung back into the stream. To us it was a small part of the bigger picture to come out of the hills. At last the guerrillas could emerge from hiding, free of danger from the enemy they had openly fought and defied. The long months of Filipino vigilance had paid off.

This is one of the home-made bolt-action shotguns.

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In Palo on Leyte Island, T-5 Lew Ayres bandages the injured leg of a little Filipino girl.

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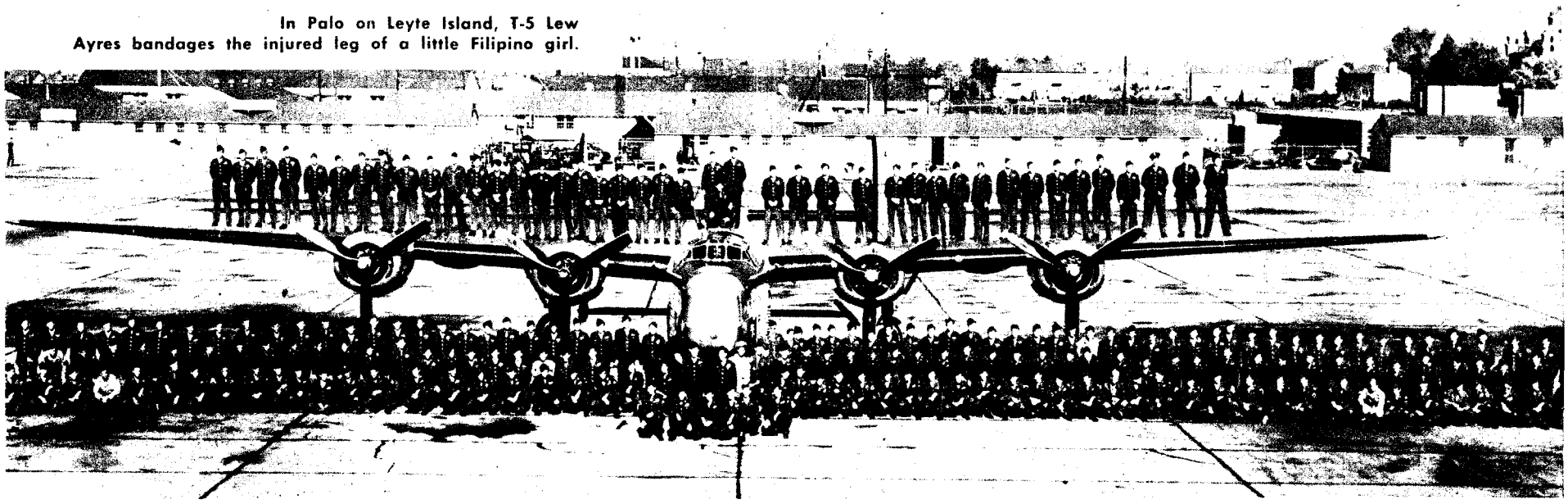
Saipan's proud contribution to the gallery of GI pets is the athletic goat pictured above. His given name is Saipan Charlie and he's the mascot of a 27th Division outfit. The



At an airfield in the U. S., combat veterans pose with a B-24. These 231 men represent every theater of war and every combat air force except the 20th. Total hours of combat flying add up to 47,750 in 9,545 missions. They have 1,194 decorations exclusive of ordinary spinach like theater and good conduct ribbons.

JAP DUMMY On Angaur Island, Palau, Sgt. Checker Moore (left) and S/Sgt. Carl Hoover stick a Jap bayonet practice post. They say Jap dummies are softer than ours.

Six new Warner Bros. honeys pose. L. to r.: Phyllis Stewart, Dorothy Malone, Pat Clark, Lynn Baggett, Janis Paige and Joan Winfield.

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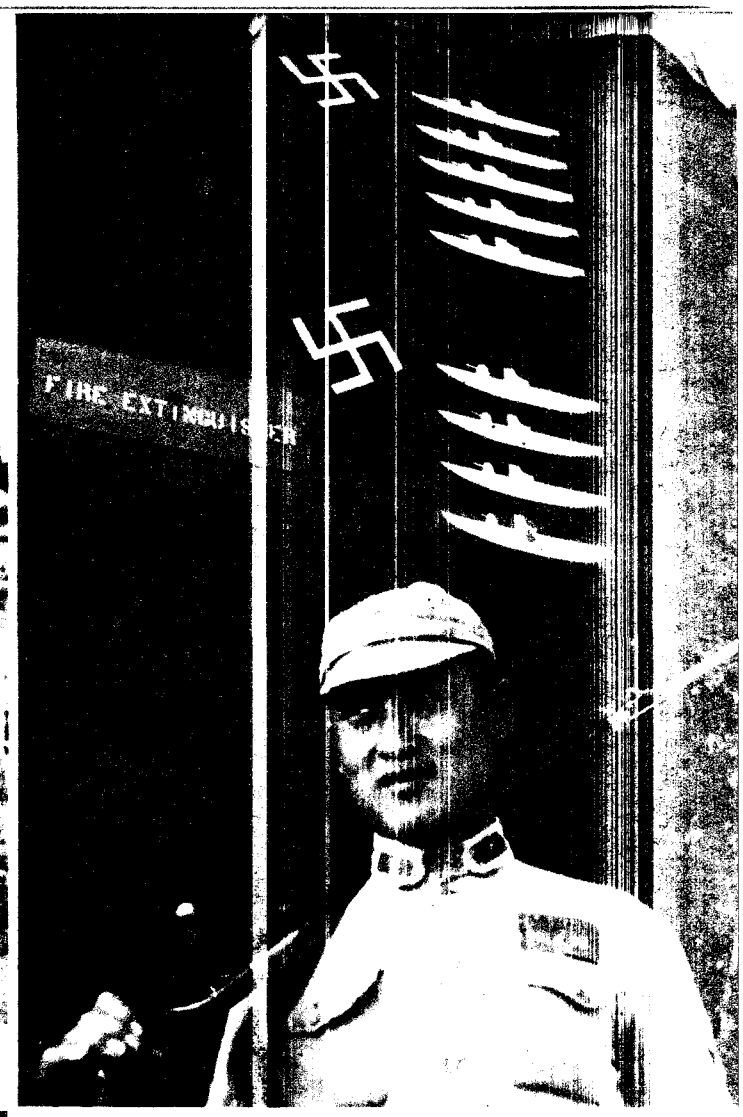
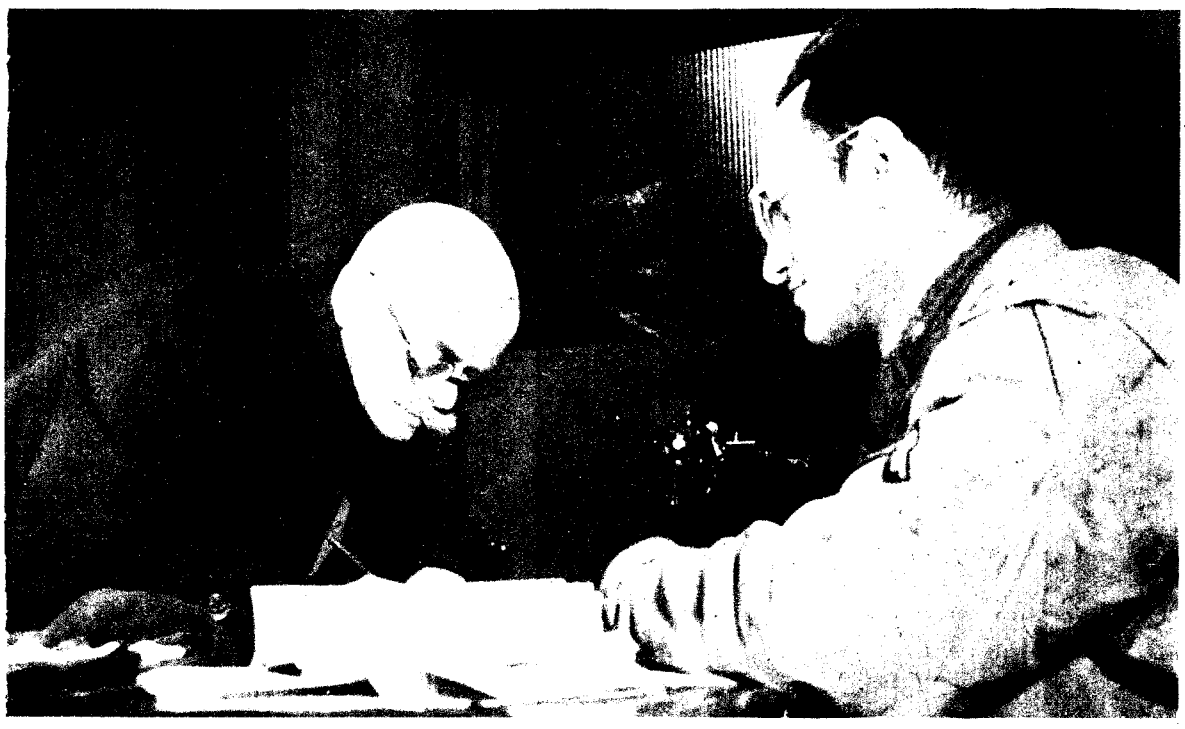
GI playing with him is Pvt. Francis C. Pyle. At night Charlie is tied up to keep him out of foxholes. It seems when Charlie wants to dive in a foxhole, he doesn't look to see if anyone else is in occupancy.



T is veteran B-24, now serving in China, has already sunk n ne Nazi subs in the European Theater.



Pfc. Isidore Cohen of Brooklyn, N. Y., witnesses the signature of a German citizen on a registration card. Civilians in Aachen must stay within certain designated areas.

On the Italian front Pvt. Oscar Nesvold, Fifth Army, adjusts the stovepipe of his winter home.

Lt. Charles Earls, Ninth Air Force pilot, gets into a tank for first-hand observation of Siegfried Line ground fighting. Tank chief, Brig. Gen. Truman Boudinot, sees him off on his trip.

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MAIL CALL

Class F Allotments

Dear YANK:

I have been processing Class F allotments for 18 months and have found that most of the misunderstanding comes from the fact that the soldier himself does not understand his rights under the act.

One man wanted me to write to his father explaining that it was not charity. His father was dependent on the soldier but said he could get along without "charity" from the Government.

Another EM (a corporal) made application in February 1943 at another station and was told by his CO that he was taking a chance in making application, since there was a fine of $2,000 and two years in jail if his mother was not dependent on him. Naturally he gave up the idea and made a Class E allotment of $25 to his mother. Six months later he applied here and we requested that the effective date be made retroactive to February 1943, since "informal application was made during that month." It was approved.

There is a widow in this city who has a son in Italy who was inducted in 1941. She takes in washing for a living. He sends her a $30 Class E allotment monthly. When asked why she didn't receive family allowances, she said her son's "officer" said she wasn't eligible. She was suspicious of me because I urged her to apply.

This problem has been apparent for many months. Why hasn't something been done from higher authority than company officers? Why not orientation in this direction? How about a directive to personal-affairs officers instructing them to make surveys in their commands? Why don't personnel officers investigate large Class E allotments to dependents to see if they are dependent to an extent to warrant Class F allotments?

Until something is done from higher up, every payroll clerk should check every Class E allotment sent home and give the soldier an opportunity to make applications if he desires. Investigation will show that most GIs don't know what Class B or Class B-1 dependents are.

Blacksburg, Va. —Sgt. W. S. BEAMAN

Tojo's Ice House

Dear YANK:

Your article, "Guadalcanal Goes Garrison," is about the best true word picture I have read about "The Rock." However, the men of the —— Quartermaster Company (Refrig.) and myself almost went straight through the roof of Tojo's ice plant when Sgt. McGurn stated that "Tojo's ice house down the road is out of commission."

For the record, our organization took Tojo's over on May last from the CBs and gave it a general overhauling from pillar to post. It is now producing ice 24 hours a day. Every piece of Jap equipment has been polished, fixed and utilized.

It took a tremendous amount of back-breaking work by every man in the refrigeration platoon to get the plant in top running order. Then to read an article in a magazine as popular and as authentic as YANK and find that we are off the ball sort of goes against the grain.

Guadalcanal —Lt. HENRY S. CARDONE

As Conquerors

Dear YANK:

After reading your article on Lublin, I was reminded of our American attitude. We are always the glad-handers, always willing to forgive and forget and frequently sticking our chins out in the process.

I think the American people, beginning with the GI, ought to brace up and face the situation. Let us not mollycoddle ourselves into believing that it is only the "leaders," only a few super-fanatical Nazis, that we have to exterminate. Not all Germans are beasts, it is true, but there is a stratum composed of millions (the group that has made Hitler and his gang possible) that is arrogant, vicious and bestial, as indicated by the Lublin and other almost incredible atrocity stories.

So let's wake up. Let's come as conquerors, not as friendly rubes just asking to be taken.

Belgium —T-5 H. LEE SHIMBERG

Dumbarton Oaks

Dear YANK:

An integrated world society and international police force was all right with Wendell Willkie and it's all right with me.

But why kid ourselves? There can be no lasting peace such as was deliberated by the meeting at Dumbarton Oaks if the United Nations continue to adhere to the principle of noninterference with the internal workings of a country.

Look at Argentina. Letting a country pursue such a course is like refusing to take the dynamite out of a ticking time bomb. Just let it keep on ticking until it explodes in your face and blows you and your hopes for lasting peace all to hell.

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Cpl. MARV LORE

Dear YANK:

. . . We are still faced with the problem of preventing any one of the Big Four from committing or continuing an act of aggression. Who is, as Dorothy Thompson puts it, to "restrain the restrainers?"

It seems to me that no concrete resolution of this problem can be accomplished now because the two most powerful restrainers, the United States and the U. S. S. R., are too strong for any combination of powers to wage war against them successfully.

The nations will therefore be forced to rely upon each other's common sense as well as willingness for cooperation to effect a peaceful solution. This cooperation, I believe, will consist of three dynamic factors: the ability of the United States to influence the direction and nature of Russia's spreading sphere of influence, Russia's willingness to share her hegemony in the Balkans and the Near East with Great Britain, and the ability of both the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. to regulate Britain's foreign maneuvers.

One could argue that such a delicate "balance of power" as a bulwark against a third World War can prove effective only temporarily. It is, in my opinion, the only thing we have with which to work.

Camp Butner, N. C. —Pfc. MILTON BRANDT

Man's Best Friend

Dear YANK:

I've been reading YANK since I've been in the service, so I thought I'd write you an experience I had happen the other day while on a road march. This has a different twist to it, as it deals with man's best friend, a dog, and not the man himself.

We had a road march and as usual we picked up a couple of swell dogs on the way. When we stopped for a break and had tomato juice, one little dog was standing by the jeep and the look he gave us as much as said, "How's about some for me, fellows?" But as usual they paid no attention to him at all, so he went over to the chaplain who was sitting on the other side of the road and sat down, looking up in his face as much as to say, "Can I get my ticket punched?"

France —Cpl. JAMES W. ESTEP

Officer Separations

Dear YANK:

I regard it as a travesty on fair play for the WD to let all casual officers over 38 have discharges but to keep privates of the same age and over in the theater of war, regardless of their status.

The privates lead a hard life, not the least part of which is doing KP and waiting hand and foot on the officers. But they get home, if at all, when they are too sick to recover or, if they are lucky, when they have been in the CBI for two years.

The private's life and health are just as important to him as the officer's, whether the WD thinks so or not.

India —Pvt. C. P. WEIDLING

Arab's Blanket

Dear YANK:

I'm only 10 inches short of being six feet tall and have trouble getting clothes to fit. I condemn the practice of basing sizes on "average" measurements. Sizes should conform to actual personal requirements.

Too many people have a cock-eyed view of this problem. They say, "You are too short." I say, "Horsefeathers!" Human beings come in a whole range of sizes.

When asked what size mackinaw I wanted I wasn't sure, so I ordered size 38 because I measure 38 inches around the chest. I received a 38, yes, but the thing fitted me like an Arab's blanket.

France —Pfc. ANDREW VENA

Dog-Tag Suggestions

Dear YANK:

Here is a suggestion for GIs whose dog tags cause discoloration, irritation and pimples on the chest. This is most likely caused by an inferior type of metal used in some dog tags.

Give the dog tags about three coats of shellac. Wear them until the shellac turns a greenish hue. Remove the shellac and clean thoroughly with GI soap and water. Repeat the process whenever necessary.

This system worked wonderfully for my tags, but it might work differently under other climatic conditions.

Iran —Cpl. VIRGIL E. MOSSBURGER

Dear YANK:

Since the soldier's home address and next of kin are no longer included on the dog tag, why not save metal by reducing the size of the dog tag to the space actually used?

Turner Field, Ga. —Cpl. BRUCE H. BURNHAM

Dear YANK:

We read Paul Williams' letter stating that he would like to wear his dog tags after the war's end. We here feel that his best step would be to sign up for 30 years. In that way he can be sure of keeping his dog tags for some time. As for us, we will gladly turn ours in along with helmet liners, canteens, mess kits, etc.

Willow Run Airport, Mich. —Pvt. M. SCHUMAN*

*Also signed by four others.

Nurses Overseas

Dear YANK:

As an infantryman hurt in the battle for France, I've had to stay at several hospitals and while there I have gained a very deep-rooted respect for the nurses. Their job is a thankless one, but here is one who will never forget them.

There is nothing within reason that the nurses won't do for the men back from the front. They go out of their way 24 hours each day to make our lives, or what is left of them, a little happier than we ever thought they could be. . . . When they smile they give out with that free, unreserved, wholehearted smile of a free nation, so that you think all is not wrong with the world. . . .

France —Pvt. CHARLES TEICHER

Pride of the Corps

Dear YANK:

I am very glad to hear that Marine Sgt. Thompson is an ardent admirer of the Army. It is very pleasing, indeed, to know that he realizes the Marines would find it tough going without the Army.

The Marines may land first in some instances, but apparently our Sgt. Thompson does not recall the large-scale assaults on North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Anzio and the mightily defended Fortress Europe. These operations were carried out very successfully and without Marine assistance.

I intend no reflection on the Marine Corps in this letter, but there are too many joes who think their branch of service is the only one that is doing anything to win the war.

Italy —Pfc. W. H. SCHAEFFER

Vehicle Suggestion

Dear YANK:

It has often occurred to me that a vehicle could be designed to bring up machine guns and mortars closer to their firing points, instead of having them carried from rear lines by jeep and dragged by exhausted weapons-men up to their firing points. The Russians developed a vehicle to travel quickly over snow. Why couldn't a low-carriage tractor-treaded vehicle be developed to bring these weapons closer and more quickly within effective firing range?

Camp Shelby, Miss. —Pfc. IRVING GELBURD

Overseas Patches (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

We have just read Lt. Leo Eagle's letter [suggesting that men returning from overseas be allowed to wear their old outfit's shoulder patch on the right sleeve]. Being combat soldiers we agree with him. . . .

We are proud of the shoulder patches that we wore while working and fighting in Africa, Sicily and Italy. And we are proud of our old outfits, who are still fighting and dying in Europe. We, like many others returning to the United States, would be proud to wear our original patches on our right sleeve. . . .

Camp Reynolds, Pa. —Cpl. JOSEPH GOLDBRONN*

*Also signed by 10 others.

Wildcat Division

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue you gave a short resume of the history of the 81st (Wildcat) Division. I would like to point out to you that there are no black wildcats in the hills of Carolina and that the division was not named after a wildcat. The division took its name from Wildcat Creek near Fort Jackson, S. C., where it was activated during the first World War.

Palau —A Lieutenant

Bomber + Bomber

Dear YANK:

The undersigned has always been opposed to unofficial squawks appearing in semi-military publications, but your photographs captioned "BOMBER + BOMBER = BOMBER" [showing how a new plane was built out of two wrecks] demands a mild one.

The men responsible for the outstanding work performed with the two "boxcars" in question are T/Sgt. Simmie Davis, T/Sgt. C. Cornelius, S/Sgt. H. Charkowski, Sgt. Jack Shatzer and Cpl. John J. Brown, all of the 11th DRS, and S/Sgt. R. Burke of the 31st DRS. This piece of fourth-echelon work was completed in six weeks with the above detachment from Aero Repair Section Depot No. 5.

The principal contribution of Lt. Langham and T/Sgt. Shaffer, whom you mention, was borrowing parts to repair other aircraft during the course of the work.

Italy —Capt. C. H. POLK

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By Pvt. ARTHUR ADLER

HOW HERMAN KLUCK WON THE WAR

A giant sailor sent Herman spinning with a chair.

You probably have never heard of Herman Kluck unless you come from a certain small town in southern Ohio or read the Westhaven (Ohio) *Beacon*. Then you'll probably remember him as the fellow who used to be the military analyst or war expert of that paper before the war.

Perhaps love of things military was born in him, for his grandfather was second cousin to the same Gen. Kluck who commanded a German army on the Marne in 1914. At an age when the other boys on the block were playing marbles, Herman was maneuvering lead soldiers on the living-room floor. When the other fellows were taking out girls, Herman was poring over Napoleon's Maxims or Clausewitz in his room.

He applied for West Point but he could not pass the physical, for he was near-sighted, stoop-shouldered and frail. Yet it was only natural that when every paper in the country started to hire military experts, Herman became the *Beacon*'s expert at $25 per week.

Herman was not a bad military seer. He predicted the rapid conquest of France and the resistance of Russia. He could cite to you the minutest movements of Marlborough at Blenheim or Frederick the Great at Leuthen. Herman's predictions were correct because mentally he plotted the type of battle each army would fight and he did it exactly.

One day, early in 1942, the *Beacon*'s military analyst got his greetings from Uncle Sam—and promptly went into an ecstasy of joy. Here was the chance for the Army to profit by his vast knowledge of war since time began. Did the Army need speed? He'd let them know about Napoleon. Was unified command lacking? Moltke would provide the answer. And so it went as Herman, in his happiness, mentally called the roll of every great soldier in history.

When Pvt. Kluck reported to the reception center for processing and assignment, he hoped to be assigned to intelligence but he was disappointed. The tech sergeant in classification, a baker in ordinary times, was quite bewildered on being confronted with "military expert." But he regained his composure quickly enough to classify Herman in 1½ minutes, since there were still 1,791 recruits to come through that night. Since Herman was not a perfect physical specimen, he could not qualify for a combat unit or Air Force permanent party. Instead, possessing blurred vision and scrawny arms, and being 19 pounds underweight, it was only natural that he be assigned to the military police.

During basic training, Kluck took lessons and learned quickly. At a critique after a company problem in infiltration, Herman rose to his feet and, in measured tones, said: "Sir, Alexander the Great never would have weakened the left of his line the way we did. He would have strengthened it, pierced the enemy center and destroyed their left."

"In the first place," replied the captain, "it is too early in the war to call Gen. Alexander great and, besides, a lot of people think he would be nothing without Montgomery."

"But, sir," answered Kluck, his voice quavering, "the Alexander I'm referring to is a Greek." "In that case," the company commander said, "we're not interested in what he would have done. After all, the Greeks were beaten by Hitler in a few months." And so Herman learned a great military lesson—to keep his mouth shut.

Herman completed his basic training and passed to a Service Command MP battalion in a large Mid-Western city. Life became a monotonous patrolling of crowded downtown streets and pacing vast empty docks—not much excitement for an ordinary man, but Kluck was contented. He quickly made corporal because he could type.

Meanwhile his mind was very busy. It was busy with a grandiose scheme that was evolving during nights spent in the barracks poring over volumes on strategy and tactics. It was the plan of a battle that would crush Hitler at one stroke and it combined the best operations of every battle ever fought from Marathon to Tannenberg. Gustavus Adolphus' handling of artillery, Wellington's use of infantry, the lightning movements of Sheridan, Napoleon's flank attacks—all went into the mixture that made up the plan. And finally the scheme was finished and went into the bottom of a barracks bag for safety.

YANK FICTION

But one thing remained to be done before Kluck would submit his plan to General Staff at Washington. It would have to be tested in action—and at last the opportunity came.

Herman was on night duty at headquarters when a riot call came in. GIs and sailors at the Castile Ballroom were engaging in a vicious battle, ignited by a red-headed spark. The lieutenant found not a single noncom around when he rushed into the squad room to order a group to the Castile. His restless eye fell on Kluck at the switchboard and viewing the two stripes that signified a chance to pass the buck and retire to his bed, he roared: "Cpl. Kluck, take 20 men up to the Castile and break that fight up."

Lesser men would have trembled at the onset of such tremendous responsibility, but not Kluck. Here was the chance to put his plan into a test tube and see it work, and he assumed command like one born to it. On the way to the Castile, he rapidly allotted his men to their places in his scheme—the way whole divisions would be placed when the plan went into action in Europe, he thought happily. It was Hannibal's master strategy at Cannae in a nutshell, although the unread MPs knew it not.

They would enter the dance hall together, eight men moving to the left side and eight to the right. Herman would remain near the entrance in the center with four men. At a given signal, Herman and his four were to charge the throng of brawlers with raised clubs, pivot about as they made contact and retreat. Naturally the mob would take after them at which time the 16 on the sides would take them on their unguarded flanks and rear and gain the greatest victory the MPs had ever seen in their centuries of making GIs miserable. Kluck's head was filled with visions as the truck sped to its objective.

Well, the plan almost worked. Just as Herman and his quartet made their first planned step backward, something happened to the fist-swinging GIs and gobs. They saw their dreaded enemies in flight and went mad. Like an irresistible torrent, they poured after the hapless MPs. A giant sailor sent Herman spinning with a chair. A hurled bottle felled one of the MPs, and the others were submerged under a rush of feet. The 16 along the sides were simply squashed against the walls by the mob who finally saw their hated foe in retreat. Five city cops finally quelled the riot, and Herman awoke in a hospital minus his stripes.

Which disturbed him not. He had found the error in his plan and he hastily corrected it. Now he was ready to turn it over to the Chief of Staff. But his company commander refused to send a sealed envelope from Pvt. Herman Kluck through channels to Gen. George C. Marshall.

Again lesser men would have been stumped, but not Herman. Had not Napoleon once said, "He who risks nothing gains nothing"? Kluck shoved his plan into the enlisted men's suggestion box sponsored by Maj. Gen. Early, commanding general of the Service Command. Out of the morass of ideas for saving latrine paper and stretching typewriter ribbons, sent in by eager beavers dreaming of a stripe, Plan X shone like a beacon.

A startled aide brought it in to Maj. Gen. Early to peruse. Early read it, and the power of the plan took hold of his West Point-trained mind. Like a man who had seen a vision, Early got Washington on the phone and was told to forward Plan X to the General Staff for study and analysis.

No one knows what happened then, for this is the higher realm, the Great Beyond of Army Command. However, Pvt. Kluck received a $25 War Bond and the thanks of the Service Command for having shown extra initiative. He also got one stripe back and slipped into the obscurity of 8 million GIs.

The great battle that ended the war was fought at Berlin and then everybody went home and forgot about it like everybody did the last time. Only they really didn't forget about it, for they carried out a peace that put war in the limbo of barbarian invasions, tournaments and duels and other antique things.

And then about 22 years later, a staff officer of the Army of the United States published his memoirs of the war. His conscience had tormented him for two decades; on page 181 he wrote: "Although few people knew about it in 1944 and fewer know of it today, the real credit for the plan that annihilated the Nazi Army belongs to a Pvt. Herman Kluck." Then he went on to describe Herman's plan and how our staff had used it.

Well, the American Legion and the newspapers made a minor furor about Herman being unrewarded for so many years, so Washington sent a general to Ohio to present Kluck with the Legion of Merit. He found Herman on a farm outside Westfield that he tilled with the help of his wife and eight children.

And as the general congratulated Herman, the reporters bent forward to catch the words of the silent hero, who had deserved so much from his country and had received so little. But all Herman ever said was: "After all these years it's nice to have something to go with my Good Conduct Medal."

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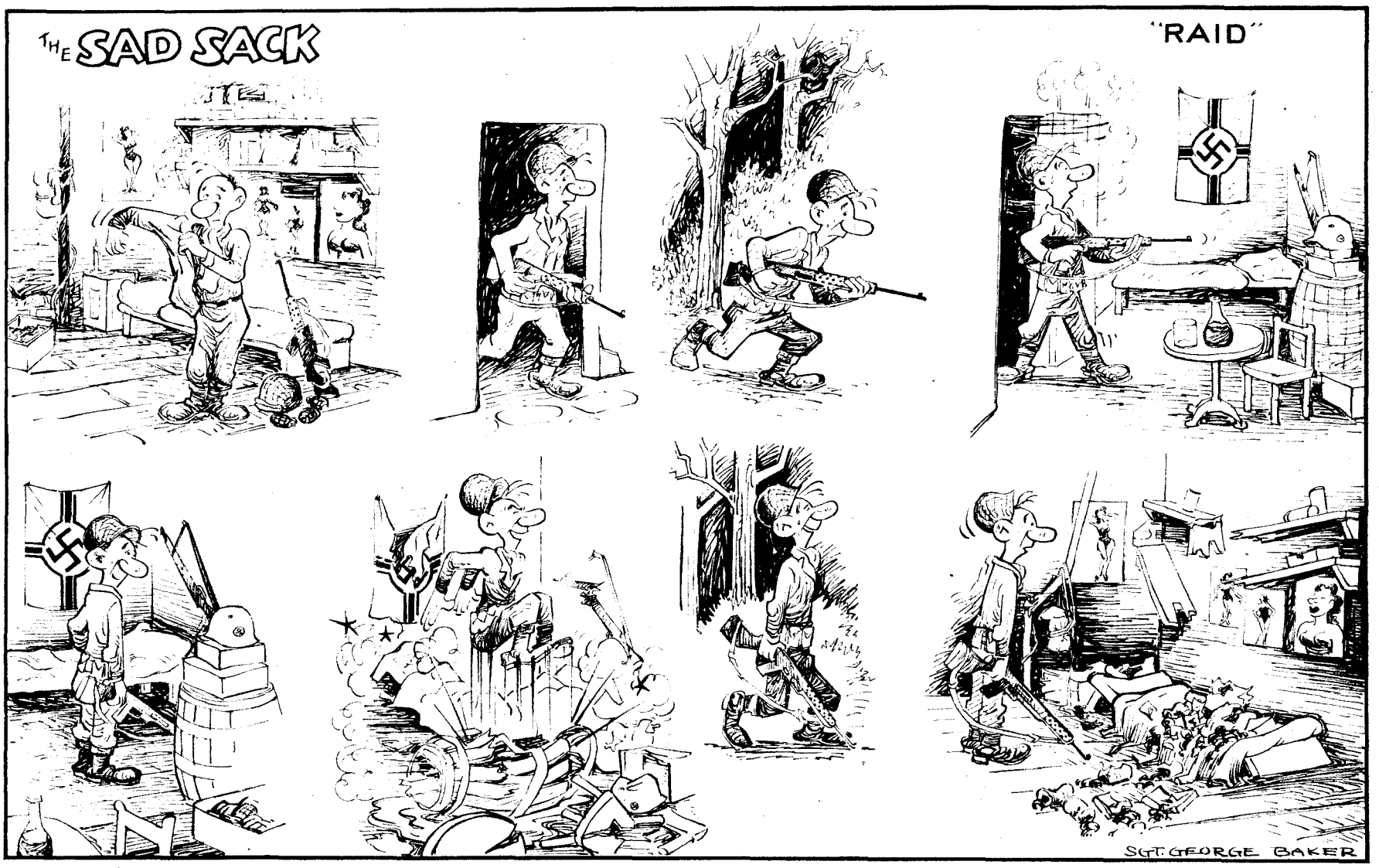


What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

I joined the Army in April 1941, when I was only 15 years old. I was given a Section IV or Minority Discharge on Jan. 13, 1942. Then I was drafted back into the Army Sept. 22, 1943. What I would like to know is whether I am entitled to mustering-out pay on the old discharge? No one here seems to know.

India —Pvt. LEON E. WILLIAMS

■ At the time you were discharged the mustering-out law had not been enacted. When you are discharged again you will get your $300. A GI can get mustering-out pay only once.

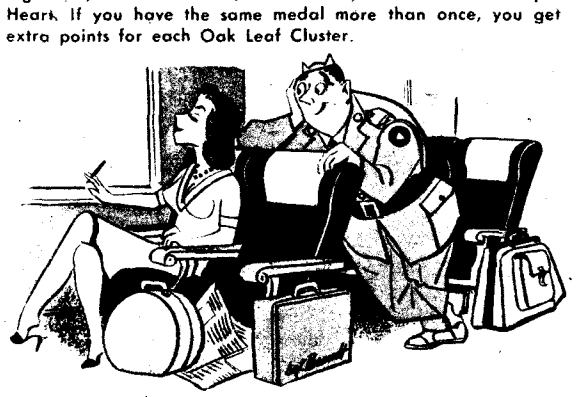
Good Conduct Ribbon

Dear YANK:

Does the Good Conduct Ribbon rate any points toward demobilization and if it does, how many points does it get me?

Bermuda —Cpl. RAYMOND C. LOWELL

■ The Good Conduct Ribbon doesn't count toward points under the demobilization plan. Only campaign stars and the following decorations count: Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldiers' Medal, Bronze Star, Air Medal and Purple Heart. If you have the same medal more than once, you get extra points for each Oak Leaf Cluster.



Furlough Allowances

Dear YANK:

Coming back to camp from a 10-day furlough I met up with a cute little trick. Need I say more? Net result: I was two days AWOL. When I got back to camp I got one week of KP as punishment and I hear I won't see a pass again for quite some time. I have tried to collect my furlough allowance and have found that they will not even pay me for the 10 days covered by the furlough orders. Can they take away my furlough allowances because I was AWOL?

Camp Swift, Tex. —Pvt. DAVID BROWN

■ They sure can. Furlough allowances are not payable if the furlough is overstayed unless your CO is willing to forgive and forget. See AR 35-4520 paragraph 8 d.

Support of Child

Dear YANK:

I have a court order to pay my ex-wife $15 a month for the support of my son. When I first got into the Army, I made out an allotment and everything went fine. Recently, however, they started deducting $22 a month from my pay. I squawked but got no results. According to everything I have read (including an answer in your problem columns), they should be deducting only $15 a month from my pay. What's the reason for the $22 deduction?

Italy —Pvt. GEORGE SARON

■ Although a man paying alimony of less than $22 a month should have only the amount of the alimony deducted from his pay, that rule does not apply where the money is being paid for the support of a child. The law expressly provides that, no matter how little the court order may call for, the child shall get $42 a month.

GI Insurance

Dear YANK:

For the last few days I have been having a heck of an argument about my GI insurance with my orderly room. I have always been told that, no matter who I named as the beneficiary of my policy, if I got married my wife would collect. Before leaving the States I was secretly married and I'd hate to break the news to my family by changing the policy over to my wife. I claim that if a soldier has his insurance made out to his parents and he is married, secret or otherwise, his wife can come in on the insurance if he is killed. Am I right?

India —(Name Withheld)

■ No. Unless you change your beneficiary, your wife will not collect one red cent on your insurance. Once a beneficiary is named, only that person can collect on GI insurance. You'd better make the change as quickly as possible.

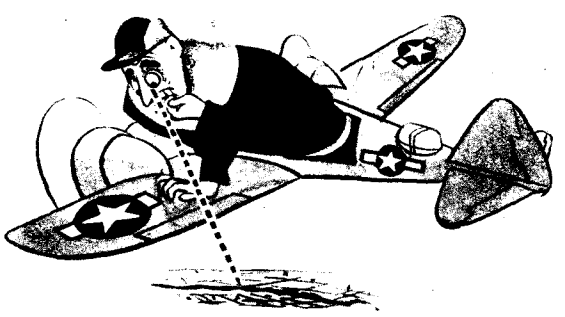
Extra Pay

Dear YANK:

Prior to coming overseas I was awarded the Expert Infantry Badge. Now I have also been awarded the Combat Infantry Badge. My buddies and I have been arguing about whether or not I will draw pay for both badges. I am sure I read an item in a local paper saying that a total of $15 would be paid for both. Am I right or do I have to throw in the towel?

Hawaii —Sgt. R. J. WATKINS

■ You're wrong. You can only collect on one badge at a time. Even though you have both badges, you get only $10 extra a month.



Those High Altitudes

Dear YANK:

I was transferred to the Air Force about six months ago as a ground-crew member. That was fine, but now my commanding officer has made me go up on two routine flights. Each time I have tried to beg off, because the very thought of flying gives me the shakes, but no luck. Do I have to fly even though I don't want to? Can they force me to?

Africa —Sgt. RALPH F. ROHMANN

■ They can. If you are ordered to fly you have to carry out that order. Paragraph 4 b (1) of AR 95-15 states that "all members of the Army of the United States on active duty may be ordered in time of war to make flights, by any person having command jurisdiction over the individual concerned."

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STRICTLY OL

B-29 Fire Control

The War Department lifted the lid on one of its biggest secrets when it released details of how the B-29's system of remote fire control for 12 machine guns and a 20-mm cannon works.

Electronics is the magic that allows B-29 gunners to ride comfortably in pressurized cabins instead of hunching in a turret. The Superfort has five turrets with a gunner's sighting station for each, but one gunner may control as many as three turrets at a time. Gun control may be shifted from gunner to gunner in as many as 30 different combinations. Thus, if one or more gunners are killed, other gunners may still keep all turrets firing on the target.

It works like this: Each gunner sights through a small box, open at both ends and containing a slanting glass. When the gunner sees an enemy plane, he registers its size on his sight and focuses a circle of dots on its image from tip to tip. From this—the size of the enemy plane and the circle—an electrical computer automatically figures the range. The speed of the enemy plane is also automatically computed from the range and the movement that has to be imparted to the sight in order to hold the image within the circle.

The gunner moves the sight by two handles. His trigger switch is on the left, the action switch on the right. When the gunner presses the action switch, the turret that he controls is in operation. The sighting equipment is so devised that the gunner can stay relaxed and have no trouble keeping a swiftly moving plane within the circle of dots.

The navigator has instruments showing altitude, outside temperature and the B-29's air speed. He sets dials that permit the computer to determine air density. This is important in determining how the bullet's path will be curved by windage.

The "brain" of the entire system is the computer, a little black box that receives electrical impulses representing information on range and speed of the enemy plane, its angle from the B-29, the B-29's own speed and air density. The computer's job is to figure instantaneously where the bullet and enemy plane will meet and correct the aiming of the guns.

While a .50-caliber bullet is traveling 800 yards at 30,000 feet altitude, an enemy fighter going 400 mph at the same height will move forward 110 yards. The computer provides the correct extent of lead.

A bullet fired broadside from a B-29 moving 250-mph at an 800-yard range would be curved 35 yards rearward at 3,000 feet, and in the less dense air of 30,000 feet the curve would still be 12 yards.

Because the gunner at his sight is several feet from the guns that he is firing by remote control, the parallax angle must be compensated for by the computer.

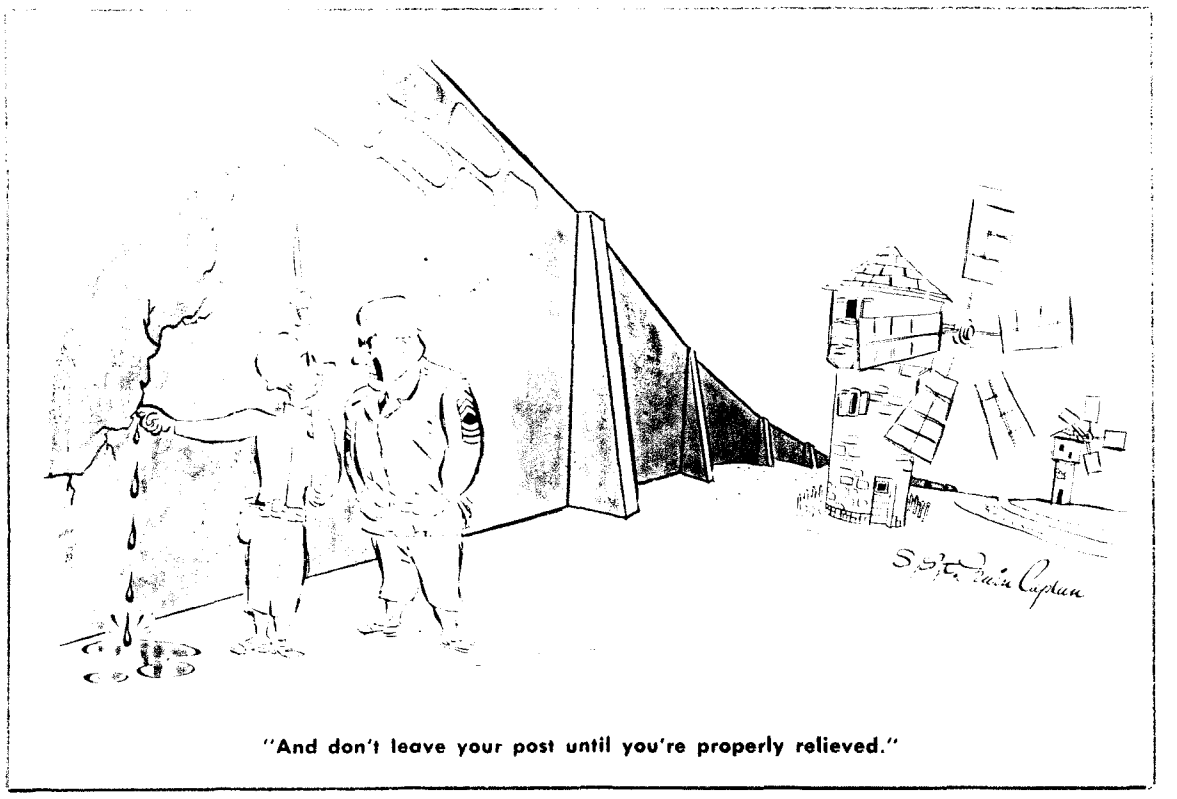
Gravity also has to be reckoned with. At the same 800-yard range at 30,000 feet a .50-caliber bullet will drop 4.6 yards.

Unless these corrections were made, the bullets fired from a B-29 would pass 122 yards behind and almost 14 feet below their target, assuming the Superfort was flying 250 mph at 30,000 feet and the enemy aircraft was traveling 400 mph at 800 yards' distance.

Up to now remote fire control of a single top turret has been used in the P-61 fighter and the chin turret of the B-17 is operated remotely.

Reemployment Application

The President has signed a bill extending from 40 to 90 days, following release from service, the length of time in which a veteran of the second World War can ask for his old job back. The bill also says that men who are hospitalized immediately upon being released may apply for reemployment within 90 days after they get out of the hospital, provided their hospitalization does not last longer than a year.



"And don't leave your post until you're properly relieved."

War Prisoners

As of Dec. 1, there were 359,247 prisoners of war being held in the U. S. German prisoners totaled 305,648; Italian, 51,156; Japanese, 2,443. They are held at 130 base camps and 295 branch camps near current work projects. . . . PWs on private contract work earned about $4 million for the Treasury of the U. S. during October. The prisoners, who are made available for private contract work in areas where manpower shortages exist, are paid 80 cents a day in canteen script and the contractors' pay checks are deposited in the Treasury.

Negro Strength

Negro personnel in the Army at the end of September totaled 701,678, an increase of 37,612 in the preceding seven months. From June 30 through Sept. 30, Negro strength overseas increased 49,912, bringing the total to 411,368. A break-down of the total Negro strength in the Army gives the Infantry 49,483; Coast and Field Artillery, 36,302; Cavalry, 867; Engineers, 133,180; Air Corps, 73,686; all others, 408,160. There were 5,804 commissioned officers, including 101 Dental Corps officers, 247 nurses, 463 other Medical Corps officers and 236 chaplains.

Facts About Wacs

The Women's Army Corps now numbers more than 89,000, including 5,871 officers. More than 13,000 Wacs are overseas. . . . About 70 percent of the Wacs are using their civilian experience and training in their Army jobs. . . . At least 12 Wacs are daughters, nieces or wives of Army generals and all but two of them are enlisted women. . . . S/Sgt. Ella Charlie Wright of Kalama, Wash., is the first enlisted member of the WAC to receive the Legion of Merit.

GI Shop Talk

A gas mask for dogs has been developed by the Chemical Warfare Service. The mask weighs slightly over 2 pounds and will fit 97 percent of all war dogs. . . . The Office of Dependency Benefits has just opened its 7-millionth active account: $100 a month to the wife and two children of Pvt. John W. Boyd of Chicago, Ill. Account No. 1, authorized in August 1942, is still being paid to the wife of S/Sgt. Jasper B. Blenkenship of Washington, D. C. . . . The first shipment of shoulder patches for the Philippine Army and Constabulary was on its way to the Filipino troops in less than a week after the requisition was received from Gen. MacArthur's headquarters.

Washington OP

Personal Conference Hours. Maj. Gen. Junius W. Jones, air inspector of the AAF, told a news conference here of the proposed establishment of "personal conference hours" at all Air Force installations in this country, to give all GIs as well as officers a chance to sound off and air their opinions without fear of disciplinary reprisals. The plan may be put into operation overseas at the discretion of the overseas theater commander.

The personal conference hour has been tried out successfully at the First District of the Technical Training Command, and subsequently in several other commands. Its success in those spots has led to its general adoption.

"At this new personal conference hour," said Gen. Jones, "all personnel can tell their stories to the commanding officer, or his representative, who as a rule is the base air inspector." Files will be kept and further inquiry will be made to see that no punitive action is taken against any enlisted man or officer who makes a complaint and that good suggestions get due consideration. The new system, the general explained, is not meant to indicate that men don't have access to their regular COs for gripes and personal problems, but to give them a different approach through someone who is not directly in the chain of command.

The air inspector believes that many of the problems handled at these personal conference hours will not be gripes. He predicts that in many cases information will be sought by men who didn't know to whom to take their problems. He believes the conferences will improve the morale at Air Force installations and contribute helpful and efficient suggestions to their operation. They will be held not less often than once a month, more when the need is greater, and as often as once a week at installations that have a rapid turn-over of personnel.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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"TAKE A BRACE." Skippy, educated pup belonging to Pvt. Leno Rossi at the Flora (Miss.) ASFTC, executes the familiar OCS command.

Buzz the Folks, Will Ya Bud?

Fort Warren, Wyo.—Pvt. Robert J. W. Fisher of Company B, Transportation, solved the problem of writing home. Spotting a Decatur (Ill.) firm's tank cars near the fort, he chalked messages on the cars, sending greetings to the firm (for which he formerly worked) and to his mother and two brothers in Decatur.

"I'm doing all right," he wrote on the cars. "Everything is fine in Cheyenne. If anyone in Decatur sees this, call 9082."

Lots of people saw the message, according to his mother, and called to tell her that Bob was doing all right.

War Halts Wild West Book

Fort Smith, Ark.—Sgt. Leon R. Hutchinson, NCO in charge of the ammunition section of a battery in the 16th Armored Division's 396th Armored Field Artillery, is a soldier with a past.

Before Hutchinson put on ODs he was an author of biographies, articles, book reviews, novels and short stories, to mention a few of his literary achievements. Among his works was a biography of L. C. Baker, Civil War secret-service agent, titled "A Yankee Among Rebels."

At the time of his entry into service, Hutchinson was working on another biography, this time that of Wild Bill Hickok. The war has interrupted the project, but Hutchinson hopes to resume it when he slips back into civvies. The only worrisome detail seems to be the possible effect of the present war. It may be that modern warfare will make Wild Bill's Wild West adventures seem tame to his biographer.

Hit Nail *in* the Head

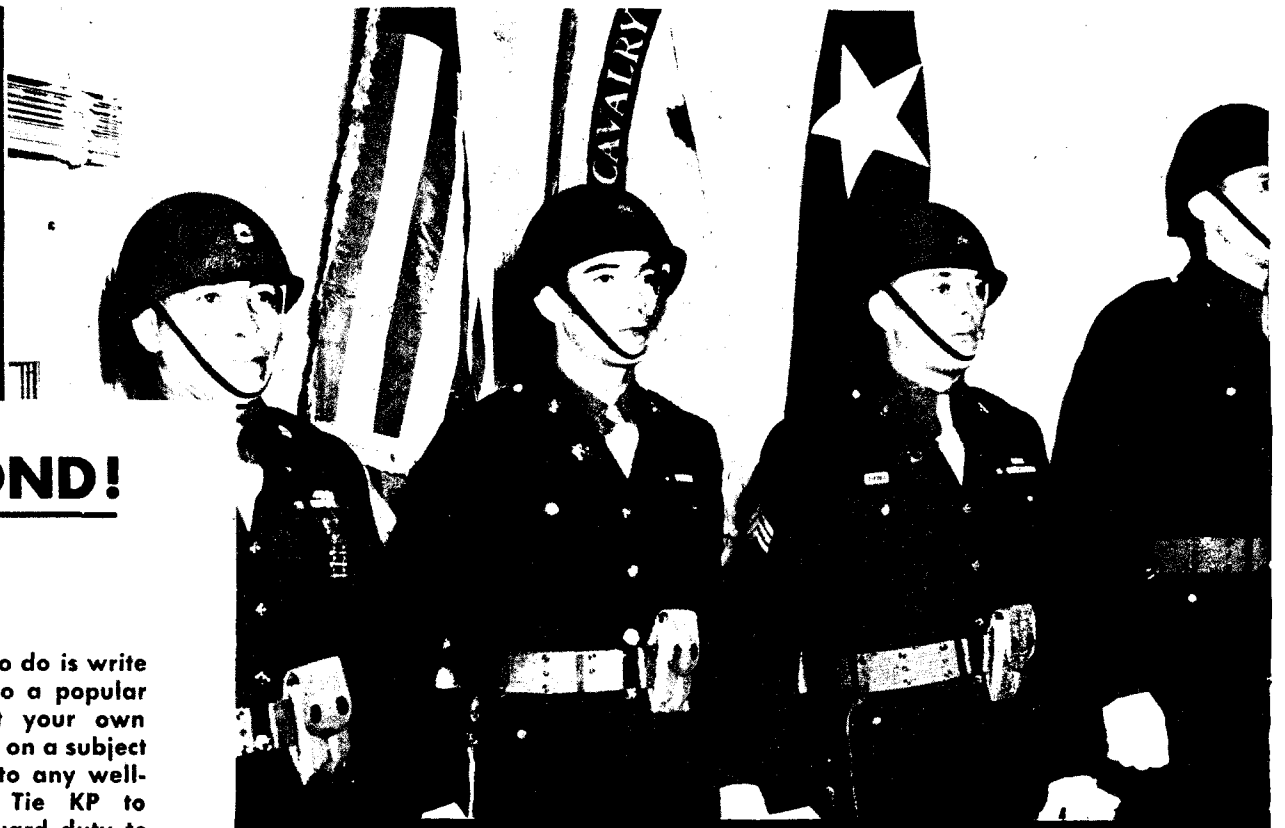
Oliver General Hospital, Augusta, Ga.—The eye-ear-nose-and-throat clinic here has a patient for the books. This GI, a corporal who shall be nameless, came into the clinic one fine morning complaining of his right ear. Couldn't hear out of it properly, he said.

Capt. Joseph Budetti, chief of the section, ordered a routine X-ray. It turned out to be a beaut. Based beneath the edge of the GI's skull, with the tip pointing toward the brain, was a small metal object. A diagnosis showed that the object had nothing whatever to do with the corporal's ear trouble, but just to take a load off his mind he requested the medics to go ahead and remove it.

The foreign metal was found to be an ordinary nail. After it was removed, the corporal hit upon the only possible explanation. Years before he had been walking home one night with his family and they had been robbed. The robber hit him over the head with a plank and everything went black. He let his head heal without anything more than a superficial examination and went about his business perfectly happily for 15 years. According to the Army X-ray, there must have been a nail in the robber's plank.

Moral, if any: If you get a piece of shrapnel in your head, don't worry; it may never bother you.

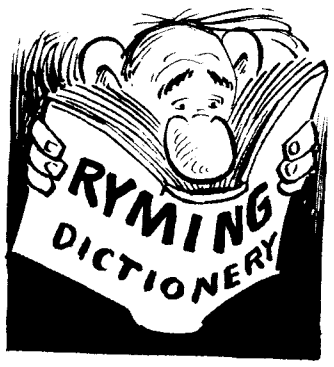
CAMP NEWS



CG's ESCORT. When Lt. Gen. Ben Lear visited the Fort Riley (Kans.) Cavalry School, his guard of honor consisted of (l. to r.) T/Sgt. Pete Sumers, S/Sgt. Murdock Birkenhauer, Sgt. Leo Fahrberger and Sgt. Ivan Simpson, all back from overseas campaigns.

WIN A WAR BOND!

$10 to $500



All you have to do is write a GI parody to a popular tune. Just set your own words, written on a subject of Army life, to any well-known tune. Tie KP to "Dinah" or guard duty to "Mairzie Doats." Simply follow the rules listed below and you may win anywhere from 10 to 500 dollars in War Bonds.

These Are the Rules

1. Parodies must be mailed by Mar. 1, 1945.
2. Entries must be original parodies, suitable for reprinting, written by enlisted men or women of the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. Do not send music; *send only parody and name of song parodied.*
3. Parodies must be based on complete choruses of well-known tunes only.
4. Individuals may send as many entries as they like. In case of duplicate parodies, only the first arrival will be accepted.
5. Parodies must have a service or war subject. All parodies will become the property of the U. S. Army. Entries will not be returned.
6. Judges will be enlisted personnel of YANK, The Army Weekly, and of Music Section, Special Service Division. Judges' decisions will be final.
7. Address all entries to Parody Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., U.S.A.
8. Winners will be announced in a May 1945 issue of YANK.
9. Include U. S. address to which you wish prize sent. BONDS WILL BE MADE OUT ONLY TO ADDRESSES WITHIN THE U. S. IF YOU'RE OVERSEAS BE SURE YOU INCLUDE HOME ADDRESS AND NAME OF PERSON IN CARE OF WHOM YOU WANT YOUR BOND SENT.
10. Violation of any of the above rules will eliminate entry.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: Prize-winning parody—one $500 War Bond; five next best parodies—one $100 War Bond each; next 10—one $50 War Bond each; next 25—one $25 War Bond each; next 50—one $10 War Bond each.

SKI SERGEANT. At the Army Ground and Service Forces Redistribution Station at Lake Placid, N. Y., Sgt. Maxwell McIntosh takes off for some airborne skiing. Sgt. McIntosh, an instructor at the station, had 32 months' non-skiing combat weather in the South Pacific.

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It's a Pleasure for Loser Of This Election Bet

De Ridder Army Base, La.—It took a bitter political argument, culminating in a bet, to win Pvt. Alfred S. Quaranto his fill of spaghetti. The catch is that Quaranto won his spaghetti by losing the bet.

It all began long before the election while Quaranto and Pfc. Dan Pace were on KP together. To ease the monotony of their chores they got to talking over the Presidential campaign. It was one of those friendly little discussions we all know, and they refrained from throwing GI china at each other only because they knew the bill would appear as a statement of charges. At the most heated stage of the argument, Pace told Quaranto to put his money where his mouth was. There the bet was born. They picked their candidates and agreed that the loser would eat 10 orders of spaghetti and a loaf of bread and drink a quart of milk.

Pvt. Quaranto lost the bet but he loves spaghetti, so his forfeit didn't bother him. He sat down to the full menu and polished it off as if he were a winner instead of on the short end.

—Pvt. ROBERT YEAGER

Pvt. Quaranto an[illegible]hetti.

ARMY NOW STAGE FOR ACTOR'S ACTOR-SON

Fort Benning, Ga.—Pvt. Jean Craven, son of actor Frank Craven, has had two previews of the enemies he may soon be fighting, one in the flesh and one in celluloid.

Now Pvt. Craven is learning to lay phone wires and operate field radios as a member of the 22d Company of the 1st Student Training Regiment, but in 1936 he was in Berlin, Germany, attending the Olympic Games. It was there that he got his first, and unsatisfying, view of the Master Race in action. "I was with a friend," he says, "and neither of us understood German. We started to cross a street and a traffic cop ran after us jabbering and made us come back to the curb.

"We obeyed him, but we didn't know what all the fuss was about until we had been kept waiting on that side of the street for some 45 minutes. It was then that a company of Brown Shirts, just one company of them, goosestepped by. We had been held up all that time so that they could strut by the assembled crowd."

Craven's preview of the Japs was the celluloid one and it came about because he has followed in his father Frank's footsteps. He appeared in a number of stage productions, including "Our Town," "Delicate Story" and "Two on an Island." He went to Hollywood where he played roles in "The Human Comedy," "Doctor Gillespie's Criminal Case" and "Meet the People." It was his last movie, "The Purple Heart," that brought him face to face with Hollywood's version of the Jap.

Craven still has some training to do before he will meet the real foe. His wife, the former stage actress, Evelyn Barrows, and their son Michael—two good reasons Pvt. Craven hopes the war will be over soon—wait for him in their Beverly Hills (Calif.) home.

—Cpl. RODNEY K. ADLER

ON THE AIR. Radio operator Helen Stankoski's flight-control broadcasts from Maxwell Field, Ala., bring fan mail from South America and Africa.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—When he was 17 years old Pvt. Arnold Resavy of the Basic Military Training Battalion was in the hospital with a ruptured appendix. After a supposedly unsuccessful operation, Pvt. Resavy was officially pronounced dead by the doctors and placed in the morgue. About seven hours later a morgue attendant happened by and saw Resavy's finger wiggle. He was rushed back to the hospital. Six days later he regained consciousness, looked up into the eyes of his nurse and said, "I'm hungry."

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Students at the AAF Training Command Radio School weren't the least bit envious of Pvt. Raymond Givler when he was excused from PT one day. Givler was allowed to miss his regular PT class because he was in the midst of establishing a post record for sit-ups of 5,625 in six hours. He was finally obliged to stop in order to attend his class in radio school.

Hendricks Field, Fla.—War hasn't changed the traditional way to a man's heart. Sgt. Janet Thivierge is a cook here. Sgt. Bill Bleason eats at her mess hall. Sgt. Janet Thivierge is now Mrs. Bill Bleason.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Pvt. Dimitrios Goulandris of New York looked up from the table in the mess hall the other day and stared long and hard at a GI sitting across from him. He turned out to be Pvt. Jack McLair, also of New York. The men both served on the ill-fated ship Cocle, and McLair was the last man to abandon ship when she was torpedoed five days out of Newfoundland in 1942.

Charleston POE, S. C.—The 381st Band has a hard record to beat, but it's a paternity record, not a musical one. Of 26 band members, 24 are married and 11 of the 24 have a total of 19 children. The oldest kid is 18 and the youngest was born the day before this census was taken. Two more children are en route and the rest of the couples have their fingers crossed.

Greenville AAB, S. C.—Laundry at this base goes to Camp Croft, S. C., 35 miles away. Anyway it's *supposed* to go there. But when Cpl. John A. Gelo got his laundry back recently, one of his handkerchiefs was plainly stamped with the word BERLIN.

Los Angeles POE, Calif.—This port post has two contributions to the screwy-names division. A new civilian WD patrolman has turned up with the monicker of Mr. Posey Williams and the 3182d QM Service Company boasts a Pvt. Lucious Buggs.

Camp Pendleton, Calif.—They call Sgt. Louise L. Baumer, USMCWR, the "One Woman USO." Out of five members of her family in service, she's the only one stationed near home and she acts as official greeter to the others. Her brothers and sisters are split among Army, Navy, Marines and WRENS, and a stepsister is planning to join the WAVES.

FRENCH LEAVE COSTS $541.49

Camp Ellis, Ill.—The camp finance officer here has found an original way to dramatize the perils of AWOL to footloose GIs.

A pfc recently went over the hill, was nabbed by MPs in New York, brought back, court-martialed, reduced to private, fined two-thirds of his pay and sentenced to six months in the stockade. As if this weren't convincing enough, the finance officer thereupon made up an itemized list of the cost of the doggie's unauthorized absence. His listing, which included railroad expenses for the AWOL and his guards, subsistence, lodgings, telegrams and a $25 reward to the civilian who turned him in, amounted to a neat $541.49.

And, as every company clerk knows, this $541.49 will come out of the AWOL's pay *after* the original two-thirds has been deducted.

KP THE HARD WAY

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Sgt. Melvin S. Biggs, mess sergeant for Company B, 81st Infantry Training Battalion, watched a KP duck into the pantry. Later that day he caught up with him and asked him what he had been doing.

"Filling those salt shakers you gave me," was the reply.

"All day?" asked the MS.

"Listen, sergeant," said the KP, "it ain't easy pouring salt through those little holes."

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NAVY NOTES

Navy Accounting. The Navy Department has prepared a bulletin called "The Navy's War Account," which summarizes the cost in material terms over four years of building the greatest Navy in the world. Congress has authorized the Navy to spend $118 billion since July 1, 1940; $69 billion has been spent and $25 billion is earmarked for unfilled orders. They still have $24 billion in the kitty.

The results of these billions: Personnel totaling 3,600,000 have been trained, outfitted and supplied (dependents of Navy enlisted personnel received over $87 million in one month); 10,300,000 tons of shipping has been built; 62,000 planes have been launched; 300 advanced bases have been built and equipped. (This is not total strength but what has been acquired since July 1940.)

The accomplishments of the billions: Troops and supplies aggregating 61,000 ships have been convoyed; 1,200,000 troops have been landed on enemy beaches; 1,400 enemy ships and 10,000 enemy planes have been destroyed; 8,170,000 square miles of Pacific area—three times the area of the U. S.—have been reclaimed from the Japs.

To all this, Secretary Forrestal adds something not measured in numbers—the debt to 3,800,000 men and women who wear the Navy uniform and especially to the 29,000 who have given their lives, the 9,000 missing, the 4,500 prisoners of war and the 35,500 wounded.

Past-Due Notice. A Marine from Chicago who hadn't got mail for weeks was finally handed a letter while lying in a foxhole on Saipan with bullets whizzing overhead. It was a bill for $3.52 and the note read: "If this bill is not paid in five days, you will find yourself in serious trouble."

AWOL. Probably the most famous mascot in the service is Sinbad of the Coast Guard cutter *Campbell*. Sinbad has earned fame as the liquor-loving dog with a girl in every port. He always rated shore leave and made the rounds of all the night spots where he was well-known and his credit was good. And he always managed to stagger back in time.

But Sinbad is in the doghouse now; he went over the hill in Sicily. When he didn't turn up in time, his name was turned over to the Shore Patrol. A week later he was picked up and put on a destroyer returning to the States. As the destroyer put into the berth, Sinbad barked wildly—the *Campbell* lay on the other side of the slip. [illegible] had made [illegible] weeks. He was logged in AWOL and went before a Captain's Mast. His bloodshot eyes were misty as, with his tail between his legs, he stood at attention and heard his sentence: "Under no conditions shall Sinbad be permitted liberty in any foreign port in the future."

Rehabilitation Note. New training courses have been established which are designed to teach a million junior hostesses in 2,000 USO clubhouses how to help servicemen become readjusted to civilian surroundings.

Post-War Outing. A preview of travel after the war was given us recently by two Coast Guard pilots who flew a couple of helicopters from New York to Chicago for a War Bond show.

The pilots, Lt. Walter Bolton and Ens. David Gershowitz, headed for Allentown, Pa., by dead reckoning. But they missed the airport and came down in a pasture, so they decided to finish the trip by following highways and using road maps. They spent three days hedge-hopping to Chicago, hovering over intersections to read signs and setting down beside roadside lunch stands when they were hungry. Motorists shied off to the side of the road when they approached, much as horses did in an earlier era.

"After two years' sea duty, the civilians sure do begin to look queer to a fellow." —Leo Teholiz RM2c

Gershowitz says he can hardly wait for those post-war days. When he was flying at 15 feet over a highway in Michigan he was accompanied by a blonde in a convertible on the highway. She blew him a kiss when they parted at a crossroad.

Salvage Note. Those [illegible] scrapped. Steamship lines plan to use them as coastwise merchant ships, automobile carriers on the Great Lakes and cargo feeder ships in the Caribbean.

The Old and the New. The Navy's oldest carrier, the *USS Saratoga*, celebrated her 17th birthday recently. She is a seven-star ship and has missed only two Pacific battles—when she was torpedoed and had to go in for repairs. More than 78,000 landings have been made on the *Saratoga's* 909-foot flight deck—the longest of any carrier in the fleet. Her planes have sunk or damaged eight Jap cruisers and two destroyers in addition to supporting numerous landing operations.

Early in 1943 the *Saratoga* was the only American carrier the Navy had in the Pacific. Now she is one of umpty hundred. The newest carrier just launched in the Brooklyn Navy Yard is a little $60-million job, named *Bon Homme Richard* after John Paul Jones' flagship.

Dredgings. Three brothers—Charles, Edwin and Jack Rogers, all seamen, first class—were at Pearl Harbor on that day. On Nov. 30, 1942, they were all on the *USS New Orleans* when Jap torpedoes shot the bow off the ship and with it the three Rogers brothers. On Nov. 20, 1944, their mother, Mrs. Jack Rogers Sr. of Ormond, Fla., in a shipyard at Orange, Tex., christened a new destroyer, the *USS Rogers*. . . . The U. S. Naval Training Center at Farragut, Idaho, one of the three huge stations opened in the fall of 1942, is scheduled to be closed next spring. . . . An admiral in the U. S. Navy wears about $75 worth of gold braid on his dress uniform, but this is deductible from his income tax as a business expense. . . . Post-office authorities are trying to dispel an illusion that unlimited air-mail facilities are available, making use of V-mail unnecessary. Over the North Atlantic, air mail will be increasingly slower because Naval flying has been curtailed until spring, and two weeks may be required for air mail, while V-mail with its high priority will continue to reach its destination in five to seven days. In Pacific areas, air transportation is threatened as each advance is made, and in the event mails are clogged, V-mail goes first as usual. . . . Alfred F. Denare of Mount Vernon, N. Y., was on the light carrier *Princeton* when she was sunk in the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea. When an enemy bomb exploded he was thrown 60 feet across the hangar deck and landed, unharmed, on top of a warrant officer. . . . Not all our Navy's traditions stem from the British. A Dutch admiral is responsible for the business of submarines wearing brooms when returning from enemy waters to symbolize a "clean sweep." The Dutch also gave us "taps." It's from their word *taptoe*, which means it's time to close up all taps and taverns in the town.

—DONALD NUGENT S1c

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

ROLAND AUBIN, at Warwick Farm, Australia, in 1943: write T-5 Eugene Alley. . . . FRANK BARRESE: write Pvt. Joe Pecora. . . . Pvt. STEVE BERGER, somewhere in Italy: write Pvt. Hans Neuert. . . . Lt. ERNEST BLAND, once at OCS, last heard of in England with the Engrs.: write Pfc. Lester Story. . . . LEONARD W. BROWN, last heard of at Camp Blanding, Fla.: write M/Sgt. Manuel Francis. . . . LEON M. BUNDICK, in Galveston, Tex., 1942: write Pvt. Ray E. Dewees. . . . S/Sgt. MELTON CAVINESS, somewhere in Italy: write your brother Pvt. Claudius E. Caviness. . . . Sgt. DOLLY CLOUD, last heard of with SHAEF: write Pvt. William Krauss. . . . JAMES (BUDDY) COX: write Pvt. Robert K. Harris. . . . WILLIAM (DOC) CULLEN, last heard of at Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, Miami, Fla. (class 2-43-A1): write Pvt. Tom Heaney. . . . Sgt. MELVIN H. DAVIS, last heard of at Camp Carson, Colo., now believed to be in France: write your brother Pvt. James R. Davis. . . . Maj. ROBERT J. DIXON, formerly with 389th Inf.: write Sgt. J. J. Quinn. . . . Pvt. FRANK EAGON, last heard of at Fort Riley, Kans.: write Pfc. George E. Carmen. . . . Capt. JOSEPH EBERHEART, once in the Dental Dept. at Fort McCellan, Ala.: write Cpl. W. E. Powell. . . . EARL ELY, AACS operator: write Cpl. Harold J. Wadlegger. . . . Anyone having information about PRESTON ESHOP, who took basic at Camp Wheeler, Ga., in 1941: write Cpl. Charles Spears. . . . Pvt. JACK R. FOWLER, last heard of at Camp Barkeley, Tex.: write Lt. Ted J. Stanford. . . . STAN FRANKEVICH, in Mitchel Field recruit battalion, Nov. & Dec. 1939: write Lts. E. J. Brennan & Leo Zuk. . . . JOE HAMMOND PhM2c, stationed with "Fighting 4th Marines" in Shanghai, 1939-40, last address, Alexandria, Va.: write Cpl. Edwin A. White. . . . Anyone having information about MILLER DARRELL HAY, who died at Hungerford, England, last August: write his brother, Sgt. H. H. Hay. . . . Cpl. FRANCIS M. HAYE, once at APO 698, now believed to be in California: write Pvt. James R. Davis. . . . JACK CARROL HAYES, last heard of in the 101st Inf., Camp Swift, Tex., 1943: write Pfc. Samuel York. . . . S/Sgt. NORMAN HORVITZ: write Cpl. Irwin L. Cohen. . . . Sgt. HERBERT G. HUNT, in New Caledonia: write Pfc. John A. Serio. . . . Anyone having information about Sgt. HOWIE JAYNES, formerly with the 596th AB Engr. Co.: write James S. Clarkson ARMS3c. . . . Col. GEORGE JOBBUSCH, 441 Tr. Carrier Gp.: write Pfc. Richard Weller. . . . Sgt. DAVID JONES, last heard of at Wright Field, Ohio: write Pvt. Eugene Sawyer. . . . Anyone having information about Pvt. MARTIN J. KING, who was killed in France last August: write his brother, Lt. (jg) John J. King Jr. . . . Col. JOSEPH S. KOOL, last heard of in 20th Engr. Tng. Co., Camp Ellis, Ill.: write Pfc. Henry Gebo . . . PRESTON KENDRICK of Phillipsburg, N. J.: write E-5 Harry Daniels. . . . Pvt. ROBERT LIPPIS, "best accordion player in Colorado": write Cpl. Jack Hackers. . . . Cpl. OTIS LOWE of Langley, S. C., at Sheppard Field, Tex., in 1943: write Cpl. Joe Feagin. . . . Anyone having information about ALBERT MCDIVITT of Jersey Shore, Pa.: write Pvt. A. A. Marconi. . . . Pfc. MICHAEL MCDONALD, once at Camp Lee, Va.: write Sgt. Harry Bressler. . . . Pfc. WINFRED (WOLF) MARUCCI, once a physical-training instructor at Amarillo AAB, Tex.: write Cpl. Sol Gorelick. . . . Lt. MILTON MILLER, last heard of in France: write Pfc. Harrison Bernard. . . . Pvt. RICHARD G. MILLER, last heard of at Keesler Field, Miss.: write Pfc. Herbert W. Daly. . . . Anyone having information about Sgt. ELIJAH MONDAY, at APO 700 in 1942: write S/Sgt. James Monday. . . . STUART R. PETERSON, last heard of at AAFTD, Boeing Aircraft, Seattle, Wash.: write Pfc. Frederick B. Smith. . . . S/Sgt. JOSEPH POULIN: write Sgt. F. R. Furlong. . . . RICHARD C. SOTELO of Los Angeles, Calif., last heard of in Field Artillery in 1941: write Sgt. Robert T. Limon. . . . Col. HAMPTON V. TALBOT, in 164th MP PWP Co.: write Robert K. Sayed ADM2c. . . . Pvt. JAMES TOTH, once at Camp Robinson, Ark.: write Pfc. Joseph Russo. . . . Capt. FORREST (SPEC) TOWNS: write Sgt. Robert J. Ridings. . . . Lt. EDDIE WALLS of Newport, Ky.: write Roscoe Oharrak. . . . Sgt. PAUL W. WELCH, originally with the 158th Inf.: write Pfc. Jerome Goodenenough. . . . Pfc. NAT WEINSTEIN: write Pvt. Bernard H. Manashaw. . . . Sgt. SOPHIE WEISS, last heard of in Hq. Co., 5th WAACTC, Ruston, La.: write S/Sgt. Ray Brix. . . . GEORGE WHALEN of Franklin Square, Long Island, once with the 106th Inf., National Guard, and last heard of at McGowen Field, Idaho: write Cpl. Walter E. Earley. . . . WINEFIELD WESTLAKE: write Cpl. Vymislicky. . . . L. A. WITHROW, once with the 113th Inf., Co. D: write Pvt. John H. Withrow. . . . M/Sgt. JIMMIE WOODWARD, last heard of at Drew Field, Fla.: write Cpl. Walter L. Gamblin. . . . Pvt. PRESTON VIBBERT of Indianapolis: write Pfc. Chester Easter.

JUST what Janis Carter may do next is anyone's guess. Personally, we can't even swear she will stay put on the opposite page. So far she has studied piano professionally, sung in New York churches while trying to crash the Met and had a fling at writing radio scripts. Now she's appearing in Columbia's movie, "Together Again."

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PX

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—Sgt. Roy E. Doty, Robins Field, Ga.

The Laundry Gamble

ONE of the more interesting spots in any GI's life is the laundry gamble. Every week many men who ordinarily wouldn't bet a dime that there's a war going on blithely take their soiled fatigues, socks, underwear and such and with tender, trusting hands stuff them into barracks bags and then settle back, their pulses beating a bit faster, to await a possible early return on their investment.

A few days later, when the tinseled wrappings are removed from the finished articles, the boys discover they've been handed baby socks, a master sergeant's fatigues (too small), a corporal's sun-tans (too large) and beautifully wrinkled shorts and tops. To make things even more delightful, everything is tied together with two-inch manila hemp, so even men with razor-sharp knives or teeth like beavers frequently have to wear two or three pairs of shorts and half a dozen pairs of socks at the same time because they can't get them apart.

Last week we sent our laundry as usual. We call it "our" laundry merely because it happened to be in our possession at the time. Anyway, in the throes of a sudden overpowering inspiration, we got into the barracks bag and smuggled ourself into the laundry to see exactly how things operate. With several thousand other bags we were deposited at the servant's entrance, and this is what we found out:

First of all the clothes are removed from the barracks bags and put into a huge revolving bin that mixes them up so thoroughly that your chances of getting back your own stuff are about one in a million. Then the entire mess is put into huge vats of lye mixed with muriatic acid, a patented process that is guaranteed to remove the dirt, buttons, sleeves, pocket linings and any fight the clothes might have had left after their previous engagement.

The next step is also fascinating. From crevices in the woodwork spring little gremlins who busily run all about the place boring holes in socks, snipping off buttons and tearing off patches and chevrons. A staff sergeant's stripes are given to a private and vice versa. Many enlisted men of this camp have received promotions this way and are grateful to the long-nosed little characters.

The clothes are quite dry by now and are ready for pressing. They're stuffed into an accordion-pleated machine that chews and presses at the same time. This ingenious device, whose inner workings are a military secret, has one attachment that rips the seams in every third pair of pants and wrinkles everything in sight with a precision that is absolutely something out of this world.

The stage is set for the next to last step. Up hop husky longshoremen, recruited from the nation's waterfronts. Seizing large hawsers they deftly tie together shorts, socks, tops, ties and everything else that can be tied. The clothes are then put into bundles and the slips are shuffled and tossed into a large fan and then allowed to float gently to the floor. Your laundry gets the slip nearest to it, which makes the venture even more sporting.

The bundles are then packed into trucks and shipped to the wrong company.

Camp Chaffee, Ark. —T-4 PHILLIP J. SANTORA

5:30 A.M.

—Pvt. David Grossvogel, El Paso, Tex.

"Oh, it's all right. The zipper's a fake."

—Pvt. Philip M. Jefferies, Camp Campbell, Ky.

Seven Cents

HE dug his hand deeply into his hollow pocket. His fingers scraped the bottom and he could feel bits of tobacco and dirt clogging up under his nails. There was a slight jingle as he caught hold of the two pennies, then the nickel. He held them in his open palm. "Seven cents," he said disgustedly. "All I have is seven cents. Bus fare back to camp."

She would be along any minute now, all dressed up and pretty and wanting to go somewhere. This was their first date. He had danced with her twice last week at a party at the field but already he could feel a tug at his heart every time he thought of her. And now they were to meet and he'd not been able to borrow a measly two bucks. How could he explain to a girl he hardly knew and on whom he wanted so much to make a good impression?

He looked around and saw her waiting for the light to change on the other side of the street. The muscles in his neck started to expand and he felt as though he were going to choke right then and there. She caught sight of him and smiled. She was dressed beautifully. He walked forward to meet her and the warmth of her hand in his made him tingle to the marrow.

They stood in front of a jewelry store, and as he stammered for some sort of explanation she pressed a finger to his lips and said: "Now don't you go suggesting anything expensive, or even a movie. You just come with me."

She took his arm and they walked several blocks. A mixed feeling of curiosity and fear swept over him. They came to a small church where groups of people were milling about in front. Oh God, he thought, she's taking me to church. I don't want to go to church. A frown crossed his face but she smiled again, the kind of smile that first attracted him to her.

"We're having a dinner tonight," she explained, "and every girl in my class is to bring a serviceman. I hope you don't mind."

Before he could answer they were inside and walking down stairs to the basement. They moved two folding chairs to the table and as they sat down their shoulders touched. In front of them was more food than he had seen in months.

"Now don't you agree this is better than a movie or a night club?" she said warmly.

"Yes, yes indeed," he assured her. And their eyes met. "Please pass the butter," he said.

Detroit, Mich. —S/Sgt. GORDON CROWE

GI CASE HISTORIES

There was a GI from Tacoma
Who smelled a peculiar aroma;
He gasped, "It's old onions
Or somebody's bunions!"
And promptly dropped off in a coma.

•

There was a marine from N. Y.
Who ate with two knives and no F,
Till one night for a lark
He ate in the dark.
He now wears a hand made of C.

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. —O/C A. L. CROUCH

TO ONE I DO NOT LIKE

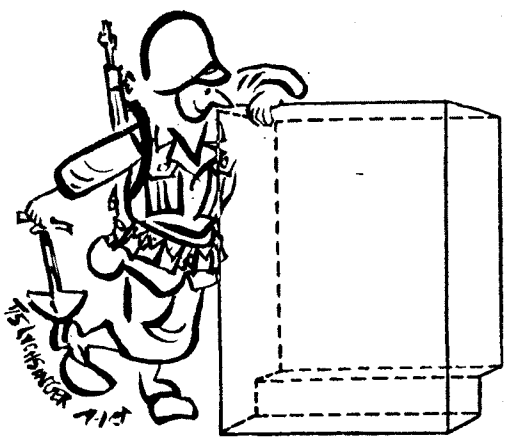
If Hell should yawn and mine should be a share
In its vast gulf, bathed in its fiery sea
Of everlasting torment, I could bear
All that, knowing that you were there—
That would be Heaven for me.

But if, dear sir, I walked on streets of gold,
Then one day heard a tinkling silvery bell,
And turned to watch a pearly gate unfold,
Letting you in from out the cold—
Why, sir, that would be Hell!

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Sgt. KEITH B. CAMPBELL

ARE YOU FOX HOLE HAPPY?

Be the envy of your friends in the service by ordering one of our PORTABLE FOXHOLES today.



Weighs nothing, can be stored anywhere. No one will ever know you're wearing it. Simply follow the directions on the shovel. Are there any questions?

PORTABLE FOXHOLES can be obtained by tearing the CO's signature off your next furlough request and sending it, together with five gallons of perspiration, to the nearest supply sergeant.

ASFTC, Jackson, Miss. —T-5 CHARLES LUCHSINGER

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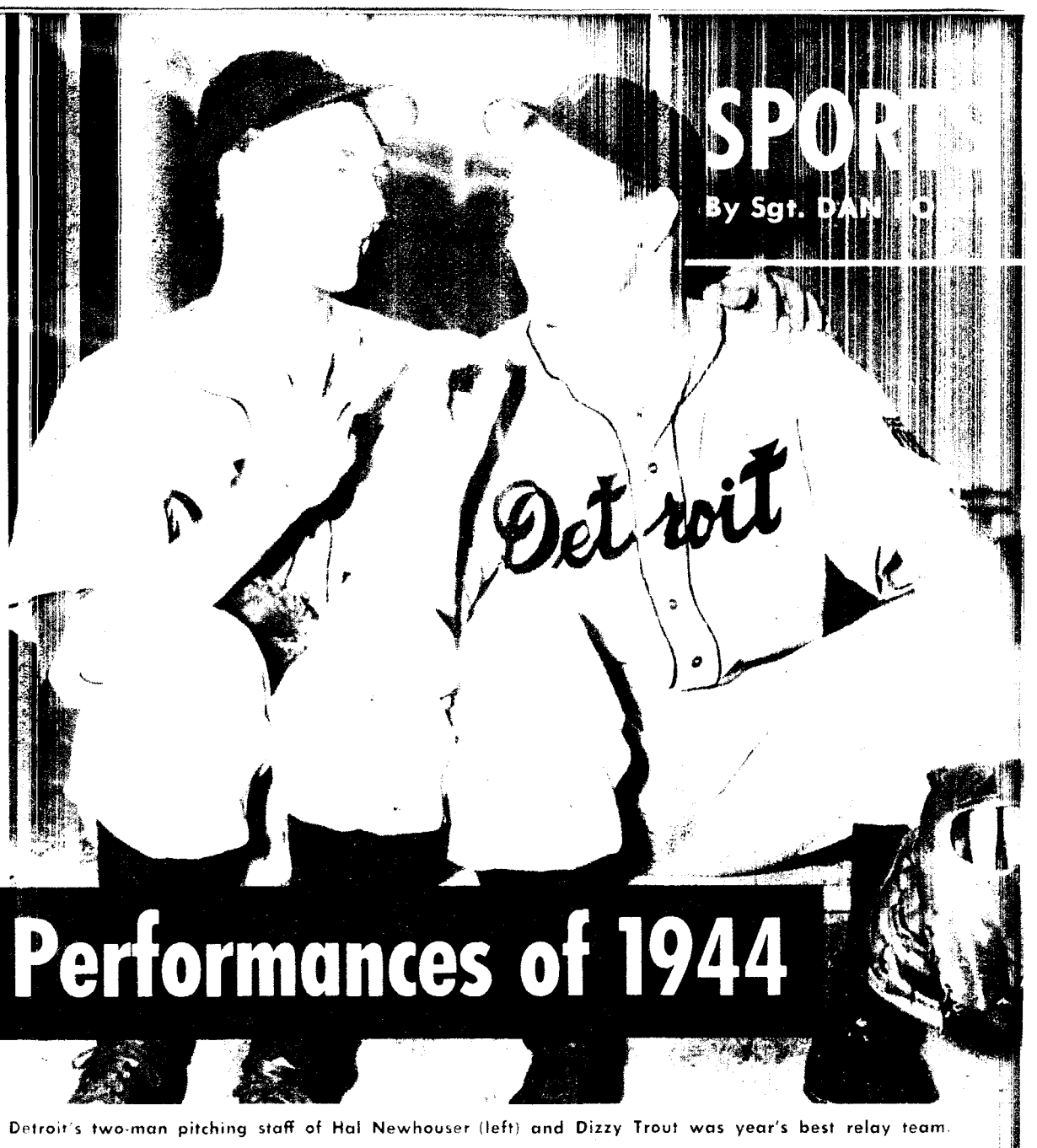

Outstanding Performances of 1944

Woman of the Year. [illegible] gal horse, w[illegible] won [illegible] and led Devil Diver [illegible] mer[illegible] chase. She finished o[illegible] only once—when they loaded a plate [illegible] back.

Team of the Year. The Army's first, second and third football teams. After the first team broke an opponent's neck, the second came in to break its back. Then the third team administered last rites so eloquently they could not be ignored.

Boxer of the Year. Lou Nova, who revived the lost art of feinting. When a decision was announced against him in the Lee Oma fight he passed out from shock. He also swooned from other causes such as fright and body contact.

Coach of the Year. Ike Armstrong of Utah University, who originated a new system of picking a football team. After looking over a group of 17-year-olds whom he had never seen play before, Mr. Armstrong announced: "All boys who shaved this morning step forward." Eleven advanced and Mr. Armstrong had his first team.

Horse of the Year. Glenn Davis, the unbridled Army halfback, who never ran out of the money, scoring in every game. He was good at any distance, from five yards to 50.

Book of the Year. The one the American League threw at Nelson Potter for using a spitball against the Yankees.

Detroit's two-man pitching staff of Hal Newhouser (left) and Dizzy Trout was year's best relay team.

Relay Team of the Year. Hal Newhouser and Dizzy Trout. Neither was out of uniform from Aug. 25 to Oct. 1. Trout pitched while Newhouser grabbed a quick shower and counted the gate receipts, and Newhouser pitched while Trout filled the resin bags and cut the infield grass.

Quote of the Year. A Jacobs Beach spokesman, upon hearing that Capt. Joe Gould had been convicted of defrauding the Government of $200,000: "He oughtn't to of did it with the war going on."

Most Humane Act. The Army football team cut the quarters short in four games, saving the lives of countless innocent men and boys.

Most Versatile. Lee Oma. He counted the house with his right hand, watched the clock out of his left eye and fought on occasions with his left hand and right eye.

Most Promising. Old man Connie Mack. He promises to outlive baseball.

Most Fortunate. The referee in the Army-Notre Dame game who was shoved into Felix Blanchard's path and escaped with nothing more serious than a broken arm.

Biggest Surprise. The St. Louis Browns in the World Series. For the first time in history they came face to face with a grandstand full of real live people and didn't go to pieces from stage fright.

Biggest Appetite. Vince DiMaggio, the underfed Pittsburgh Pirate outfielder, who turned in an expense account of $9.89 to cover his check for a single meal.

Biggest Disappointment. Buck Newsom. He stayed in Philadelphia all season.

Greatest Discovery in Sports. Luther (Slugger) White's glass eye.

Greatest Come-Back. Don Hutson of the Green Bay Packers. He retired from pro football and announced his come-back all within the same week. If you're keeping score, this was the fourth season Mr. Hutson said he wouldn't play.

Longest Pass. The one Frankie Sinkwich made at the Detroit Lions for a $17,500 contract.

Best Unassisted Double Play. This honor goes to Mr. Branch Rickey of the Dodgers for the second straight year. His feat of firing and rehiring Mr. Durocher as manager in the same breath is still one of the most beautifully executed plays in baseball.

Leading Ground-Gainer. Sammy Baugh, who covered more ground than anybody, traveling from his Texas ranch to Washington every week end. According to ODT statistics, Mr. Baugh gained roughly 30,000 miles in a single season.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

GOLF CHAMP. Sgt. Jim Ferrier gets ready to pack his civvies away after winning the 72-hole Oakland (Calif.) Open golf tournament. Playing on his furlough, Ferrier collected $1,600 as top prize.

THERE'S a bomber named **Whirlaway**, which confirms our suspicion that Mr. Longtail always could fly. . . . **Pvt. Paul Dean**, Diz's brother, turned up as an entry in a recent Fort Riley (Kans.) boxing show, but couldn't find anyone big enough to fight him. . . . The Camp Lejeune (N. C.) Marines will probably never live it down, but they picked 11 sailors—all from Bainbridge (Md.) NTS—on their all-opponent football team. . . . **Pvt. Spud Chandler** is doing rehabilitation work with the wounded at Moore General Hospital, Asheville, N. C. . . . Attention, Detroit Tigers: Your pitching prize, **Ted Gray**, is burning up the South Pacific league with a strike-out record of 17 per game. . . . **Cpl. Berkeley Bell**, the old tennis ace, has resigned from OCS and is back on duty as an EM at Camp Sibert, Ala. . . . **Paul Walker**, Yale's giant end, turned down an Annapolis appointment to stay on as captain-elect of the Eli football team. . . . **Lt. Bill Dickey** is managing a Navy nurses' softball team in Hawaii, which is just about the biggest waste of talent in this war.

Killed in action: **Lt. Clint Castleberry**, freshman star on the 1942 Georgia Tech football team, in the Mediterranean theater after previously being reported missing. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Lt. (jg) Dan Hill Jr.**, center on Duke's 1938 Rose Bowl team, in the Pacific theater. . . . *Decorated:* **Brig. Gen. Gar Davidson**, one-time Army football coach, with the Distinguished Service Medal for directing reconstruction of the ports of Palermo and Marseille. . . . *Commissioned:* **O/C Elmer Valo**, former Athletics' outfielder, as a second lieutenant in the Medical Corps. . . . *Promoted:* **Sgt. Dutch Harrison**, winner of the recent Miami Open golf tournament, to staff sergeant at Wright Field, Ohio. . . . *Discharged:* **Pvt. Jimmy Bivins**, duration heavyweight champion, and **Sgt. Art Passarella**, ex-American League umpire, from the Army with CDDs. . . . *Inducted:* **Fred Schmidt**, St. Louis Cardinal right-hander (seven and three last season), into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Connie Berry**, first-string Chicago Bear end, no reason given. . . . *Appointed:* **Robert (Stormy) Pfohl**, Purdue halfback, to Annapolis.

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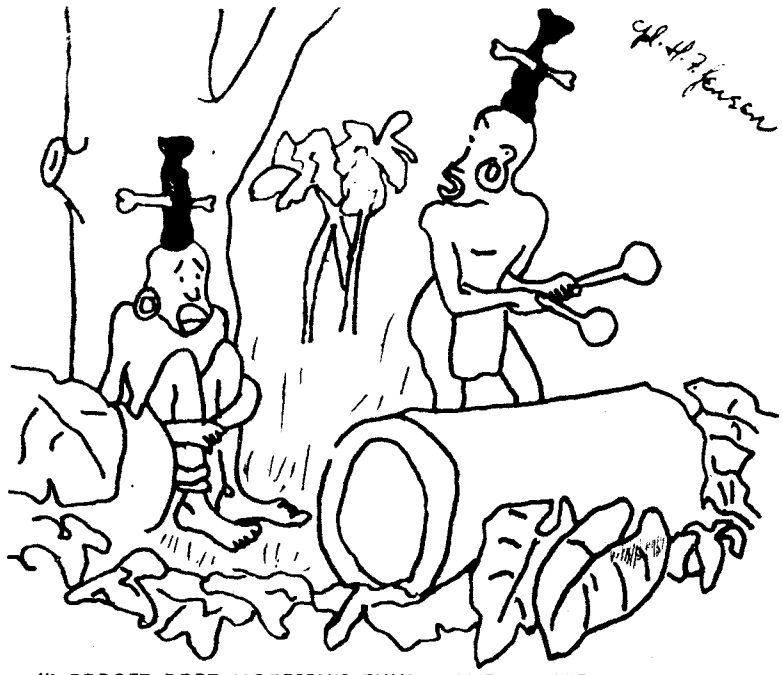
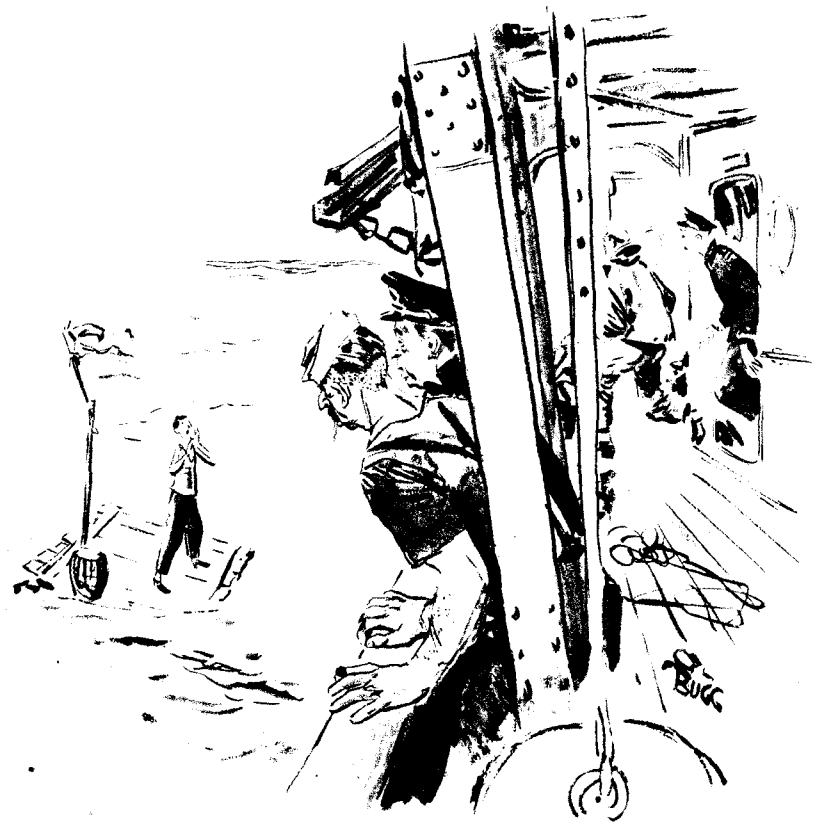


"I FORGET PORT MORESBY'S THUMP AND I HATE TO BOTHER INFORMATION FOR IT." —Cpl. Harry Jensen



"I SAID: 'HAS ROOSEVELT MADE UP HIS MIND YET ABOUT A THIRD TERM?' " —Cpl. Robert Bugg

—Cpl. Joe Cunningham

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"WELL, SIR, I GUESS THE BEST WAY TO EXPLAIN IT WOULD BE TO START WITH THE BEES AND THE FLOWERS." —Sgt. John W. Frost

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